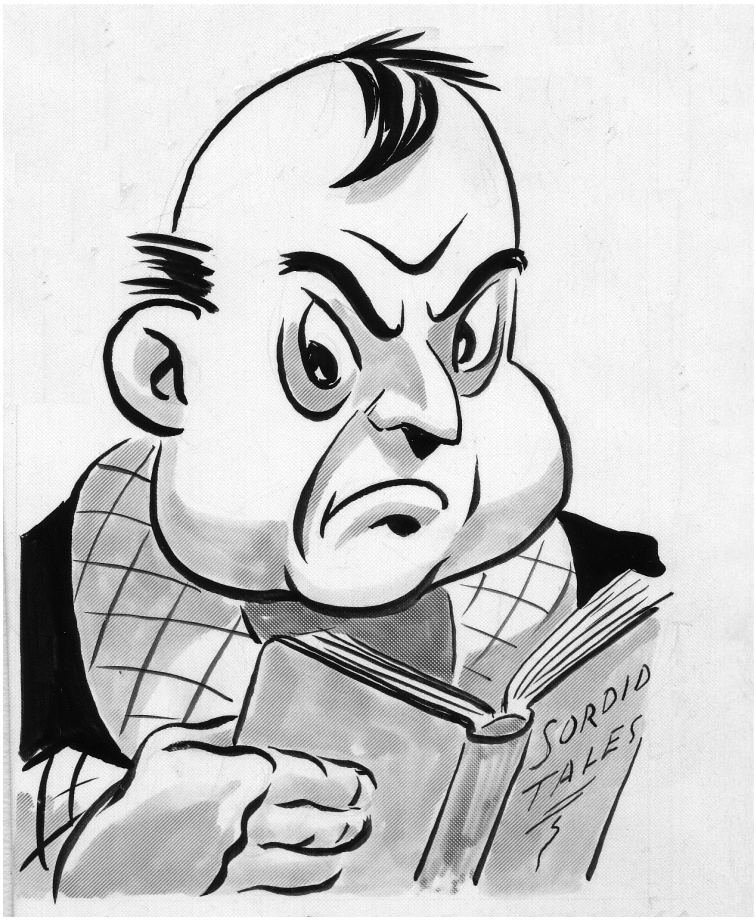
Why Is It?

By Adolph Strauss

Selected cartoon art by George J. Evans Jr.



Why Is It? : The Scrapbook
By Adolph Strauss
Selected cartoon art by George J Evans Jr.

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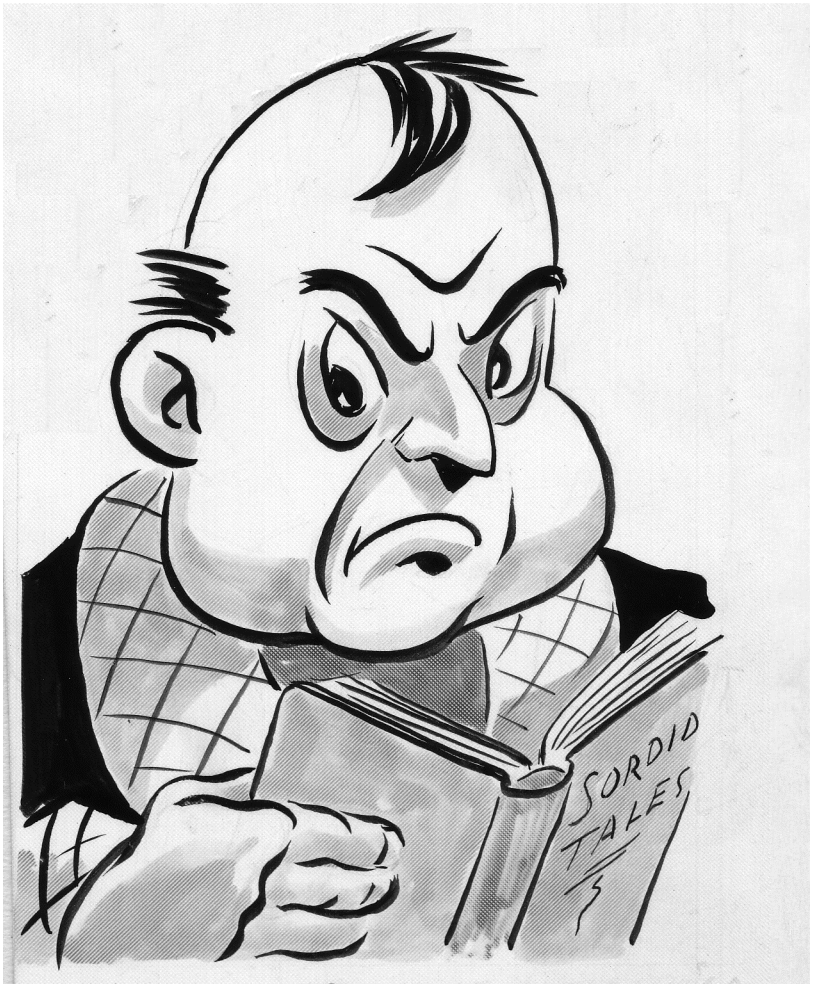
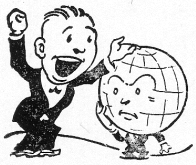


The Magazine

Why is it?

by Adolph Strauss



To be without error is like asking for the lion's share of Utopia, yet there are those who expect miracles of perfection everytime a job is assigned to certain individuals. Why is it?

It appears that not all neurotic cases are confined to neuro-psychiatric wards. Some men feel that whatever they do they must eventually pay a price for it. According to their limited way of thinking everything must be placed on a scale of balances and counterbalances. Every job experienced must be offset by an opposing force. These guys are so obsessed with this peculiar notion that they refrain from smiling in the morning for fear that in doing so they might cry at night. Why is it?

Some guys have an affinity for the pronoun "I." Why is it that every sentence they utter must start with "I"?

Why is it that some of these self-appointed wizards imagine that if they cannot carry a thing through no one else can?

Why is it that some of these ideas that loom up in one's imagination like a "million dollars," when originally conceived, turn out to be so much bubble gum when put to the test?

Why is it that some fellows imagine that every letter they write is a literary masterpiece and everything they do is a major undertaking?

Like Alexander the Great who cried because he had no more lands to conquer, we have in our midst the dreamer who worries about every thing under the sun and peculiarly enough when he has nothing in particular to be concerned about will worry because he has nothing to worry about. Why is it?

Ironical at it may seem still these things do happen. Some men perform many noteworthy services but receive no credit for any one of them, yet a little, insignificant act may be responsible for their receiving a world of recognition. Conversely, a man may violate every rule in the book and "get away with it" and yet a minor infraction will result in a peck of trouble for him. Why is it?

Why is it that in radio some commentators make it a point to pronounce the name of a foreign city in the same way as it is spoken in its native tongue and expect you to find it on a map? Unless you are familiar with the language you may as well try to solve the Einstein theory with a tape measure.

Some guys have such fixed habits that no matter how persuasive one's argument may be to the contrary there is no changing of their courses. Either they are most punctual or they are ALWAYS late in keeping appointments. There is no compromise for never the twain shall meet. Why is it?

Why is it that sometimes it takes longer to write a short note than a long letter?

* * * *

It is odd how far certain individuals will stretch a point in order to gain an objective. If they wish to upset a precedent of long standing they will contend, "Because the other fellow does it that way doesn't prove that he is always right." If, on the other hand, their particular measure follows certain established lines they will argue, "If it is good enough for them it should be good enough for us."

A critic writes:

The illustration shows a guy resembling Adolph Strauss, the author of that page, industriously pecking away at a typewriter, a cigarette dangling from his lip. Why is it, since everybody knows Adolph doesn't smoke?

Why is it that some business organizations have no system whatsoever while others have too much?

What profit a prophet if he doesn't profit from his prophecies? Why is it that some individuals can predict with uncanny accuracy the outcome of certain events but cannot find that extra something to apply this knowledge to their own account?

* * * *

Mistakes made by big business are eventually erased by time and subsequent successes, but let the little guy beware for his first mistake may be his last. Why is it that errors in judgment committed by big shots are generally overlooked but let the little squirt make a mistake and it is remembered forevermore?

The other day I received a letter from a very good friend of mine from Akron, Ohio. In it he included several pieces of "Why Is It" copy for my amusement. I got such a big laugh out of reading these jottings of his that I thought it worthwhile repeating. I know you, too, will enjoy these samplings of his wit as much as those whose pleasure it is to know Gaston Gross intimately.

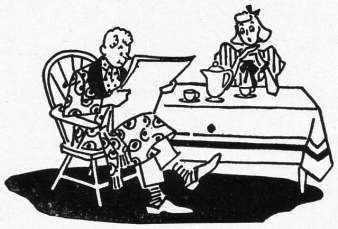
Just as you are trying to impress your out-of-town guests that you are a man-about-town, a bon vivant, known and welcomed in all first-class restaurants and nite clubs, and you boast of your good friend Caruso and the special spaghetti he concocts especially for you, why is it that when you steer your friends to this well known spot the Raviola Impressario passes you by as if you were a counterfeit gas coupon?

* * * *

It generally happens that when you own a prize dog he will invariably endanger his life by strolling out in the street under wheels of passing autos. Why is it that no sooner than you lay a fresh cement sidewalk down the pup will find the new pavement the best place to play in, thus leaving his footstep to posterity?

* * * *

Why is it that customers in retail stores while eating luscious smelling peanuts and whetting the appetite of those around them will never offer as much as a teenie, weenie nugget to the salesman waiting on them? (That is 3rd degree heart burn type cruelty).



Why is it that after listening to a radio announcer laud a certain cereal to the skies, telling of its freshness, lusciousness, crispness and how healthful it is you prevail upon your household to put in a good supply and then in anticipation of a good breakfast, the treat of treat tastes like a dishful of wet straw?

* * * *

Why is it that as you listen, fascinated by the soothing and beautiful music emanating from the little musical instrument the street vendor is peddling for a quarter, you cannot resist the temptation to buy one of these gadgets which seems so easy to play, but after you buy one and you proudly take it home to impress the old folks and children, all the music you can force out sounds like a squeek from a mouse?

* * * *

Why is it that when you hie yourself to the best tailor in town, pick out a gorgeous up-to-date wool pattern, select style and cut from sketches and pictures, and the tailor assures you that you will look exactly like Adonis in the pictures, and after you don the finished masterpiece and strut before your wife or best girl you still look like a hand me down jerk?

* * * *

Why is it that politicians running for office will always greet you with a burst of enthusiasm and immediately following election day will ignore you like a shadow in the dark?

Why is it?

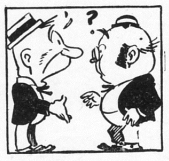
by Adolph Straus

Why is it that some fellows are never at ease unless they can find someone to bear the blame when a scheme of their own designing goes sour?

* * * *

Some men have the faculty of making difficult operations look easy while others like to make the most ordinary act look like a major achievement?

Be it politics, business, social or be what it may, regardless of the topic under discussion it invariably ends up with someone telling his version of an "off-color" story. Why is it?



Why is it that some guys like to shield themselves against any argument that is contrary to their own? Regardless of the soundness of one's views, these guys take the stand that if they cannot prevail upon the other fellow to see things their way it is a waste of time and effort to continue.

There is something impelling about the contents of certain letters that prompts us to re-read them at every opportunity. Why is it that no matter how many times we go over them we find something new with every reading?

Why is it that some guys can talk so much and say so little?

* * * *

Why is it that some guys are overly liberal when spending the other fellow's money, but miserly when their own dough is involved?

Some people have the dizzy notion that if an item is high priced it must be good value and if the price is low the item must be lousy. Why is it?

Why is it that some individuals imagine that the world revolves around the axis of their own importance, but when they view their success from a broader perspective, they find that which they thought was a huge accomplishment is but a small, insignificant cog in the big wheel of progress?

Why is it that some guys want to do everything themselves and then wonder why they suffer from jangled nerves and dyspepsia?

Why is it ?® By Adolph Strauss

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Why is it that some guys seem to think that they have a monopoly on headaches? They imagine that theirs is the world's biggest head splitter until they hear the other guy's tale of woe. Then, and only then do they realize that by comparison their problems are not so bad after all?

Why is it that some guys confuse bigness with greatness?

After working alongside an experienced executive some individuals imagine that they can do as well by themselves, but when the onus is on their shoulders they find that that which looked easy is not so easy as it looks. Why is it?

Why is it that when you anticipate a grand "hello" from a person you haven't seen for a long, long time, you get a reception that is reserved only for creditors and subpoena servers?

Why is it that the guy who will not tolerate any interference or interruption of his conferences will not hesitate to break in unceremoniously into another's private discussion?

Why is it that no matter how many errors some individuals make they succeed in spite of their deficiencies while others by making one or two mistakes go the way of all failures?

Why is it that the guy who has very little to call his own seems always willing to lend a helping hand, while some guys who have lots to spare are always finding excuses for evading the issue?

Although he knows what he wants far in advance of the time he issues his order, why is it that Deadline Ike waits until the last minute to make his assignment and, when he does, he expects it to be completed yesterday?

Why is it? ® By Adolph Strauss

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Why is it that when some old leaders decide to retire to the sidelines in order to provide opportunities for the younger group, the new leaders complain that the old codgers sit on their fannies and do nothing—but if these old leaders persist in their determination to hold on to their leadership the new blood complain that they are not given an opportunity to advance themselves? Cook that one on your favorite volcano.

* * *

Why is it that some guys have the capacity for misinterpreting everything they hear?

However fluently you may otherwise speak, why is it that when talking to one who stutters you unconsciously do the same?

* * *

Some guys like to hear themselves talk—that when they are being solicited they talk so much that instead of their being the prospect they become the salesman selling themselves and then wonder why they fell for the stuff they bought. Why is it?

Why is it that in the eyes of certain individuals some men are heroes while to others they are—well, well, who brought that up?

* * *

Why is it that certain individuals will complain bitterly if someone else resorts to the same shenanagians as they used—in order to get what the others got?

* * *

Why is it that certain individuals will operate one moment at supersonic speed and at other times will crawl along like a snail on two crutches?

Some guys never feel comfortable unless everything they undertake looks like a BIG deal. Why is it that in their effort to impress others they get themselves so involved in red tape that that which should ordinarily take minutes to dispose of takes them hours to unravel?

Speaking of assignments, why is it that the guy who has more than he can handle is always willing to assume still more responsibilities, while the individual who has time to spare refuses to lend a helping hand?

* * * *

Why is it that we are most likely to see some guys three times in the course of a day after not seeing them for months at a stretch?

* * * *

Why is it that we invariably think of the perfect remark or the clinching argument after the opportunity to speak our piece has passed?

* * * *

Why is it that some individuals like to do things the hard way?

* * * *

Getting pie-eyed is a habit with some guys and there is no stopping them. When things are going wrong they resort to the bottle to forget their miseries, and when the sailing is smooth they guzzle the stuff in celebration. Why is it—eh?

Just as we are anticipating the pleasure of a good half-hour radio program, someone is bound to show up to end all hopes of hearing it? Why is it?

* * * *

Why is it that an innocent remark made during a heated debate can sometimes give the clue to the solution of the biggest problem under discussion?

Speaking of pygmies and giants of industry, if you will come a little closer you will hear the little merchant informing his listeners how the big fellow is forever making huge mistakes in the operation of his business. Why is it that in spite of these imaginary missteps the big fellow grows bigger, while the little man remains just that?

* * * *

Why is it that you may render some people a million and one favors and never hear a word of gratitude, but if you fall down on just one promise you are listed as a non-cooperative, no-good punk?

Why is it that certain individuals like to count their chickens before they hatch, and when plans go astray are so disillusioned that, although they never possessed it, they feel as if they had lost a fortune?

Why is it?

by Adolph Strauss

No matter how much pressure we bring to bear, we are unable, at times, to lay our fingers on the solution to the problem that is troubling us. Why is it that when we decide to forget the matter completely the mystery slowly unfolds itself?

* * * *

Why is it that some executives have no trouble finding what they want on top of a desk loaded to the hilt with a million pieces of miscellaneous matter, and yet find it difficult to locate what they want on a desk where the pile is smaller and the papers neatly arranged? Amazing this thing called system.

* * * *

Why is it that even though we rarely see certain individuals, we experience a feeling of utter loneliness when we hear of their departure to distant points?

* * * *

Why is it that a proposition that may look like a million dollars at night doesn't seem quite so staggering the following morning?

Why is it that some guys expect all those present at a meeting to give them their undivided attention, but when someone else is speaking they are as inattentive as a grasshopper on a hot griddle?

* * * *

No one expects a player to hit a home-run everytime he comes to bat, yet there are some palookas who expect wonders everytime they assign a job to certain individuals. Perform a hundred miracles and the silence is deafening, but fail in the hundredth and one act and you are a "bum." Why is it?

* * * *

Why is it that a person will manifest enthusiasm about a certain venture one day, and on the following day will be as indifferent about it as he was enthusiastic?

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Why is it that some people are inclined to see certain successful business men in the light of their past history rather than in the light of their present success?

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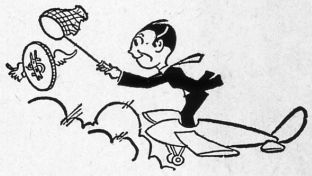

Some men are happier while in the process of attaining their goal than they are in the benefits of its achievement. Why is it?

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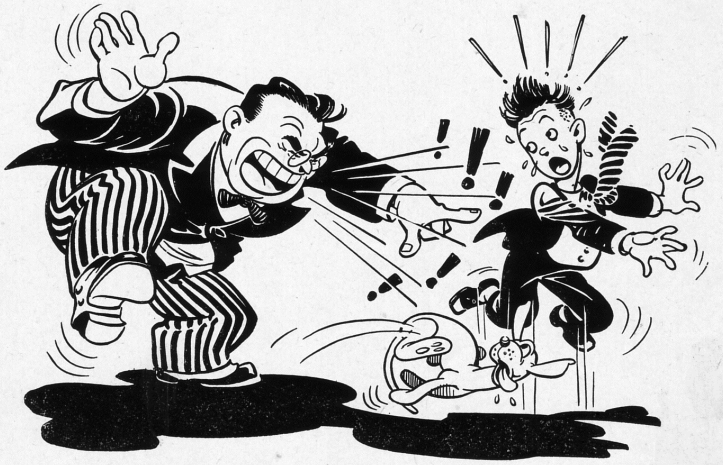


Why is it that certain individuals like to roar like a lion when issuing orders to the "little fellow," but when they meet up with a guy whose shoulder measurements are of the same size they bleat like a beaten lamb?

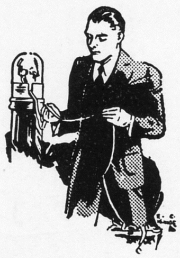
Why is it?

by Adolph Straus

Why is it that some individuals imagine that all the laws and regulations were framed for others but not for them?

There are those who never think of buying anything in advance of an impending shortage, but will wait until that which they desire is almost impossible to obtain. Why is it?

Some business men are obsessed by "BIGNESS." Everything they do must be done on a large scale. If an idea is submitted by a so-called unimportant "little" guy, it is turned down, Yet, if the same idea is proposed by an important big-chested individual, it is accepted. Why is it?



Why is it that a guy will struggle years to accumulate a few bucks and then "invest" it in the stock market only to see it ticket-tapped to nothing? They struggle much to accumulate a little and expect the little to get them much. Why is it?

Why is it that those who can well afford it play cards for little stakes and those who barely eke out a living gamble for stakes far beyond their means? What force is making this timepiece run counter clockwise?

There are members of social clubs who pay dues regularly yet never attend meetings. On the other hand, there are individuals who register yet never vote. Why is it?

There are guys who are forever making predictions on every phase of human activity. If one of their forecasts come true, these would-be prognosticators are hailed as world beaters, even though 99% of their predictions fail to materialize. Why is it? Even a broken down clock, standing still, is RIGHT for one minute every 12 hours. Why are we so quick to credit these guys with supernatural powers?

Why is it that some executives are under the impression that every letter they dictate must be couched in pompous language? The same letter written in simple, every-day, understandable language will produce the desired results. Yet, these four-syllable word-peddlers cannot see the wisdom of simplifying their mail by making their letters short and concise. Why is it?

Why is it that a successful business executive—one of those fellows who wouldn't tolerate an iota of inefficiency in the operation of his own business—when given a responsibility in a fraternal organization will handle the finances of his committee in such slip-shod fashion as to remind one of a peanut stand operator. If certain business executives would only stop to realize that running a big fraternal organization is a responsibility tantamount to operating a big business, some clubs might get somewhere.

$40,000 — $40,000 — $40,000 — $40,000

A FOUR AND FOUR AUGHTS IS OUR GOAL TO ATTAIN
IF YOUR EFFORT IS NAUGHT OUR WORK IS IN VAIN;
GET JUST A LITTLE IF YOU CAN'T GET MUCH,
BUT WHAT IS NECESSARY IS THAT PERSONAL TOUCH.

A. S.

Why is it? ® By Adolph Strauss

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Have you ever met the wood-pecker type of talker? Every time he wants to bring home a point will strike your arm with the force of a sledge hammer and by the time he is finished you are too. Why is it?

Why is it that when a guy is gainfully employed 10 different individuals are offering him "better" jobs but when the poor fellow is out of work no one will look at the guy?

The purpose of purchasing a large economy size package of merchandise is to save money on bulk buying. Then, why is it that because you have a large package you use more of the stuff than if you had a smaller size package when the smaller portion is all that is necessary to do the job?

Did you ever get tangled up in an argument with a guy bent on venting his spleen on a certain subject and before you are given a chance for a rebuttal will switch the subject around to something altogether foreign to the original theme—and just as you think your opportunity has arrived he will again switch the subject? Why is it that when yau are finally given the opportunity to chime in you forget what the whole stinking mess is all about?

Why is it that some projects take so little time to complete but so long to prepare while others take so little time to plan but ever so long to finish?

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It seems that no matter how much persuasion is brought to bear one cannot convince certain businessmen to accept certain business proposals but let a competitor initiate a move as suggested and every merchant wants to follow in his competitor's footsteps, all original arguments to the contrary, notwithstanding. Why is it?

Why is it that some so called perfectionists are always bellyaching that they have the world's worst bunch of hoodlums working for them when in actuality they have highly prized organizations, but the guy who has a loosely organized one cylinder company is forever boasting that he has the prize company of them all?

* * *

Some fellows have a habit of saving every piece of literature they get hold of, but why is it that every time they want to refer to a certain paper never seem to know under what heading they filed the darn thing?

Why is it? By Adolph Strauss

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When one is up against it financially and has only so much dough to dish out why is it that the creditor who is tuff and deserves it least gets his first but the guy who is pleasant and deserves it most gets his last?

Isn't it odd that sometimes the thing a person needs most is usually bought last and the thing needed least is bought first. Why is it?

* * *

Some guys like to give you the impression that they pay every bill twice . . . when they make the purchase they let the world know they bought something and when they pay the bill they tell you that they "just laid it on the line." Why is it?

* * *

As we are all aware it takes many years to acquire knowledge for certain business operations. Why is it that these same executives will go wild with rage if their listeners cannot grasp all the fundamentals of their operation at one sitting?

* * *

When the office is bursting with activity you long for peace and quiet, why is it that when you finally achieve that coveted goal you can't seem to get down to work because of the all-too-eerie silence?

There are many businesses where in order to have a complete stock of merchandise one must carry thousands of items. Were you ever in one of these fully stocked stores when a king-sized jerk walks in and asks for something not in stock at the moment and then turns to the clerk and says, "Now, what DO you carry? Why is it?

It is difficult to understand why some business men will spend a fortune to improve the appearance of their property but will sadly neglect to put the finishing touches to the small but essential parts of the building? Why is it?

Did you ever meet the guy who is always complaining that he cannot get his work done because of the many telephone interruptions he experiences during the course of the day? Why is it that this same palooka will throw all the blame for these many interferences on some poor innocent guy who makes one lousy short call a week?

Why is it?®

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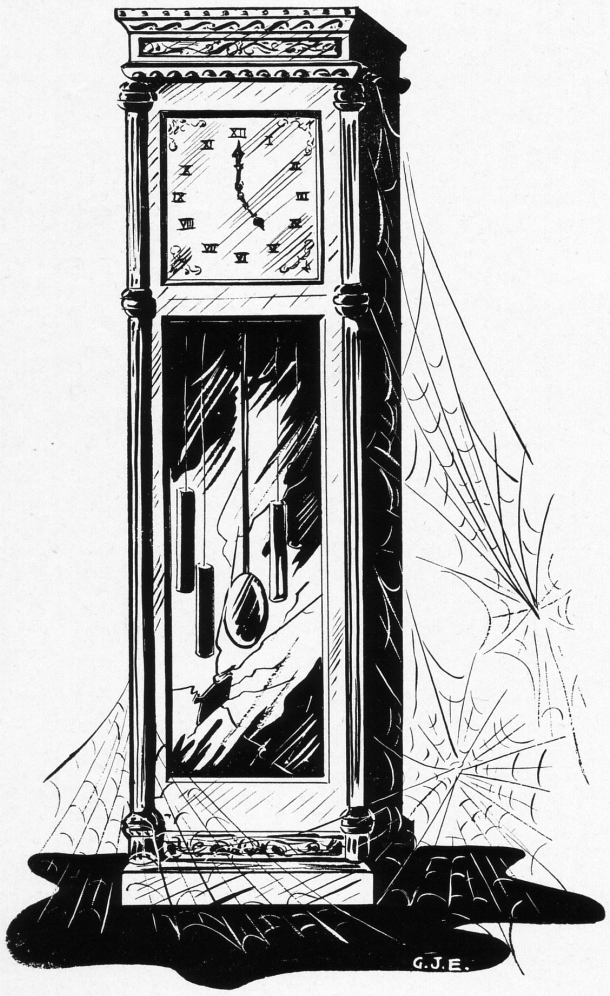
By Adolph Strauss



IT is interesting to note that there are so many occurrences in the course of our daily experiences that can be likened to the dormancy of a broken down clock. Strangely enough a broken down Clock, hidden away in an attic, is accurate twice every twenty-four hours. It may be only for a fleeting moment but it's accurate nevertheless. Which proves that if you stay put in one spot long enough things will eventually come your way. *Just for the fun of it let's cite a few cases:*

●

Let's take the guy with the depression minded obsession. These fellows are forever predicting a slump in business even in the midst of a prosperity wave. If they shout long enough they are bound to see their dire predictions materialized . . . and when it does they will boast that "I told you so" . . . even tho business may have gone thru a series of good business cycles in the interim.

●

Then in this corner we have the guy who is always belly-aching and grumbling. He keeps telling one and all that things are really tough with him when you know conditions to be otherwise. But when matters do get rough with him we are inclined to attribute his miserable habits to his misfortune.

●

And we have the hotel manager who during the war plastered his bathroom mirrors with decalcomanias bearing the description, "Turn out all lights when leaving room." "Conserve vital fuel." Instead of removing the sign when the emergency was over he kept them intact . . . with the result that during the recent coal strike you didn't know whether they forgot to remove them before or were put up for the new emergency.

Then we have the not-so-progressive merchant who places a picture of Santa Claus in his window or plasters it on the side of his building but who neglects to remove it after the Christmas season is over. It stays on his window and wall so long that strangers passing his store, many weeks prior to the next Christmas season, may think that here is a wide-awake merchant stealing a march on his competitors.

Why is it? By Adolph Strauss

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Why is it that the guys who were trying to pull the ladder from under you while you were sweating it out are the first to call you their friend when you reach the goal they vainly tried to upset?

Why is it that some lazybones will never make an attempt to get out of a rut and wonder why they do not make any headway?

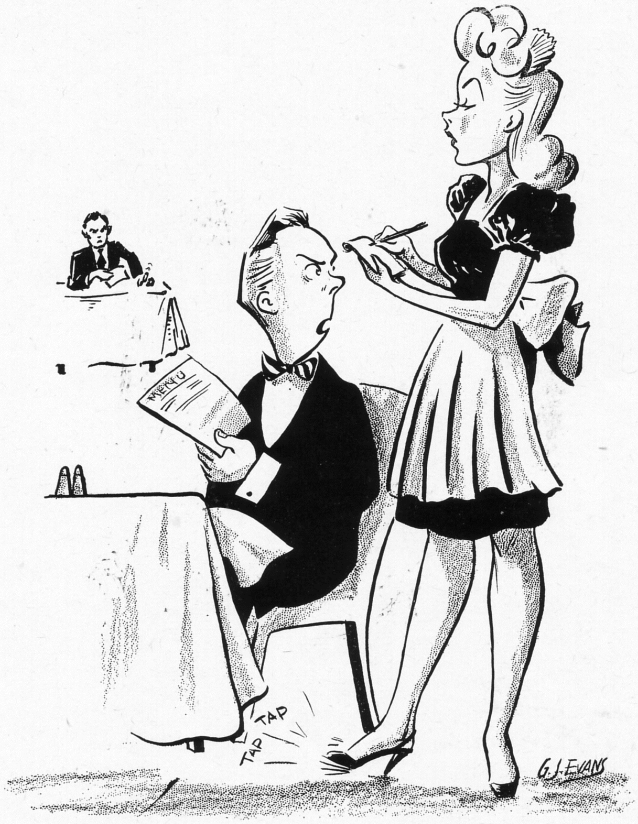
Why is it that some guys never seem to hear opportunity knocking but are always knocking those who answer the call?

Why is it that certain guys are always seeking advice, but if the advice given is contrary to their own preconceived notion of what the advice should be they will turn a deaf ear to the counsel given?

Some guys have that faculty of knowing more how another person will react to certain comments than the person in question knows himself. Why is it?

Why is it that certain palookas will think the worst about another person regardless of the evidence to the contrary? Once these giant pin heads make up their minds that such-and-such is the case there is no turning back.

It is strange indeed that some guys who make it a habit to kick the man who is down will invariably find that when they themselves are down there is always someone eager to lend them a helping hand. Why is it?



After waiting around for what seems like a dog's age before a waitress recognizes your presence, why is it that when she finally arrives at your table she expects you to shoot your orders to her at jet-propelled speed? From her pained expression you might think that she is standing on red hot coals skin deep and that unless your orders are given her immediately she will fry!

Why is it?

by Adolph Straus

It sometimes happens that just as we think we have the solution to our worries a new problem emerges from out of nowhere to complicate matters still further. Why is it?

* * * *

Why is it that some fellows like to make New Year's resolutions to start as of tomorrow, instead of as now? Strangely enough, tomorrow is the day that never dawns.

* * * *

Why is it that when some fellows hear of the failure of certain projects, they resolve to change their course of action in order not to fall victim of a similar misfortune, but before very long they seem to forget the lesson taught, and go back to their old routine of following their own past as a guide to the future? They are "hot" while nestling close to the fire of their inspiration, but grow "cold" as yesterday's bowl of borstch as soon as they take leave of the hearthstone.

* * * *

Why is it that some people like to read newspaper reports of events they have just witnessed?

* * * *

No social function is without its quota of half-eared listeners—guys who are forever missing the punch line of the stories being told, and at the end of every joke, will turn to you and ask: "What did he say?" What should be an enjoyable evening for you, turns out to be a third degree inquisitional session.

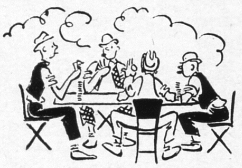
* * * *

Why is it that some fellows will listen to your ideas and then dismiss them as so much rubbish, but after a short period of time elapses will pass them off as their own?

Why is it that some fellows who have the knack of telling a convincing story, also have the weakness of never knowing when to stop talking? As a result of their extra-curricular air gushing, they "unsell" those on whom they worked so hard to convince.

* * * *

Why is it that the guy who is forever preaching that the other guy should "clean his house" is generally the individual whose own house needs cleaning most?

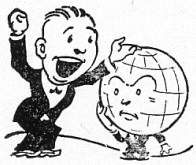


Why is it that some men who have enough business acumen to know that a commercial enterprise cannot survive without a profit, will make it a point to visit gambling houses at every opportunity, knowing full well that the odds are stacked against them?

Why is it that certain executives whose earnings are in the top income brackets find it more difficult to balance their own personal budgets than those earning fifty dollars a week?

Why is it?

by Adolph Strauss



To be without error is like asking for the lion's share of Utopia, yet there are those who expect miracles of perfection everytime a job is assigned to certain individuals. Why is it?

It appears that not all neurotic cases are confined to neuro-psychiatric wards. Some men feel that whatever they do they must eventually pay a price for it. According to their limited way of thinking everything must be placed on a scale of balances and counterbalances. Every job experienced must be offset by an opposing force. These guys are so obsessed with this peculiar notion that they refrain from smiling in the morning for fear that in doing so they might cry at night. Why is it?

Some guys have an affinity for the pronoun "I." Why is it that every sentence they utter must start with "I"?

Why is it that some of these self-appointed wizards imagine that if they cannot carry a thing through no one else can?

Why is it that some of these ideas that loom up in one's imagination like a "million dollars," when originally conceived, turn out to be so much bubble gum when put to the test?

Why is it that some fellows imagine that every letter they write is a literary masterpiece and everything they do is a major undertaking?

Like Alexander the Great who cried because he had no more lands to conquer, we have in our midst the dreamer who worries about every thing under the sun and peculiarly enough when he has nothing in particular to be concerned about will worry because he has nothing to worry about. Why is it?

Ironical at it may seem still these things do happen. Some men perform many noteworthy services but receive no credit for any one of them, yet a little, insignificant act may be responsible for their receiving a world of recognition. Conversely, a man may violate every rule in the book and "get away with it" and yet a minor infraction will result in a peck of trouble for him. Why is it?

Why is it that in radio some commentators make it a point to pronounce the name of a foreign city in the same way as it is spoken in its native tongue and expect you to find it on a map? Unless you are familiar with the language you may as well try to solve the Einstein theory with a tape measure.

Some guys have such fixed habits that no matter how persuasive one's argument may be to the contrary there is no changing of their courses. Either they are most punctual or they are ALWAYS late in keeping appointments. There is no compromise for never the twain shall meet. Why is it?

Why is it?

by Adolph Strauss

No matter how proficient one may be in his job or profession, let someone watch him do his stuff, and something is sure to go wrong. Why is it?

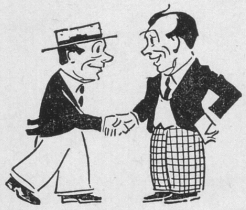
* * * *

Why is it that when we see a stranger walking along the street with his coat collar turned up, we feel the urge to rush over and adjust it for him?

It never fails that whenever we are about to rush out to catch a train or keep an appointment, a million and one things pop up requiring our immediate attention. Why is it?

* * * *

Why is it that he who thinks every other guy is a sucker is himself the most gullible of the lot?



Why is it that when some fellows are introduced to certain well known individuals, they feel it within their province, after a short acquaintanceship, to call these persons by their first names, and, after another short period has elapsed, think it overly smart to greet them with: "Hello, you lousy so-and-so"?

Why is it that certain highly successful men feel they have more to learn about their business or profession, while others, not so successful, imagine they "know it all?"

* * * *

Why is it that some guys are forever bellyaching even though they have nothing in particular to complain about?

Why is it that when certain individuals read something especially noteworthy, feel it must have been written by someone other than the person whose name is affixed to the piece in question?

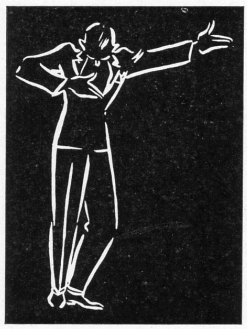
Why is it that big business can afford to make big mistakes, but if the little guy makes a slip, his end is not far off?

Why is it that some guys will not hesitate to lay $50 on a horse in every race, but will raise the roof if someone in his office asks for an extra five cent lead pencil?

Why is it that when some committee chairmen are asked for a report will start off with, "I haven't much to report but . . ." and then go on to tell of stuff and things until they knock their listeners into a state of unconsciousness?

* * * *

Why is it that certain elaborately planned ideas when put into operation fizzle out and those not so carefully concocted turn out to be major successes?



Why is it that some guys will show no enthusiasm for anything until it strikes them right in their own backyard?

* * * *

Why is it that some people like to see only the pleasant side of things, while others see nothing but the crummy end of everything?

* * * *

Why is it that some guys listen to or read only those stories dealing with the morbid side of life and then wonder why they feel so darned depressed at times? Strange characters these guys.

* * * *

Why is it that certain individuals will keep twisting their radio dials around and around until they think they have the program they want, only to discover that what they got isn't what they want and off they go a-twisting again, when a fast glance at the radio program in the local newspaper would tell them where to find what they want in very short order? Simple, isn't it? But there's the rub. It's too simple.

Some men fail to see the ray of sunshine filtering thru the fog of their own pessimism. When they are enjoying a bananza year they are worried about the prospects for the following year. Their battle cry is, "Yes, but what about next year? It looks bad." On the other hand when business is bad and the prospects for the ensuing year look promising they are very much worried about their present status to give any thought to the yield that will soon be theirs. In that case they generally wail, "The deuce with next year's business. I'm concerned about present day conditions." Why is it?

Why is it that certain successful business executives whose utterances are generally convincing will sometimes come thru with the most inane, screwball argument a child would hesitate to utter?

* * * *

Why is it that when some people find themselves in an awkward position feel kindly towards those whom under normal conditions they would ignore completely?

Why is it that some guys have the habit of carrying around a million and one small scraps of paper as reminders of things to do but never seem to be able to find the right note at the right time?

Why is it?

by Adolph Strauss

According to the reasoning of some so-called "mental wizards," success in one field of endeavor qualifies them to speak authoritatively on every subject on the face of the earth. Why is it that radio comedians think themselves singers, and singers think themselves sure-fire comedians?

* * * *

Why is it that when some individuals are asked to lend support to a new venture, they will shy away from entering into it, but when this enterprise proves successful, they are the first in line to cry, "Why wasn't I given a chance to come in on this deal?"

* * * *

It seems an obsession with some guys to justify every mistake made by those whom they favor and to find fault with everything done by those whom they dislike. Why is it?

* * * *

Why is that the guests living nearest the host are the last to arrive?

Paradoxical as it may seem, the greater the opportunity one has to do good for others, the greater target he is for a barrage of brickbats. Why is it?

* * * *

Regardless of what is submitted to them, there are guys who will flare up at the slightest provocation. Why is it that when these fellows analyze that which is submitted for their approval, find that that which looked like a mountain at first sight, is nothing but the proverbial molehill upon second consideration?

* * * *

Why is it that it is not always the guy with the best tools who produces the best results?

Why is it that considerable time must elapse before some guys are convinced of the unsoundness of their arguments? It seems that the element of time is the only factor which will bring these stubborn individuals down to earth.

* * * *

No matter how great the cause or noteworthy the project, you will always find a guy or group of individuals opposed to it—on general principles. Why is it?

Why is it that when a speaker says, "One more word and I will conclude my remarks," you can bank on his continuing to hold forth for another interminable siege?

Why is it? By Adolph Strauss

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE

Why is it some guys are not happy unless they bear a grudge against someone?

* * *

Why is it that no matter what you tell some palookas, they will invariably tell you that they saw something better.

* * *

Suggested by N. F.

There is oil in our soil and you don't have to drill too far to find it.

* * *

Why is it some of our own members are funnier but appreciated less than some of the professional comedians who have appeared at Slipper meetings?

* * *

Why is it that men who have done some very commendable work in their respective fields will give the most inane advice on many subjects that are not related to their own business?

* * *

Some guys have the faculty of doing so many things wrong that when they are about to be called for an accounting, something unforeseen happens to prove their theory correct? Why is it?

Even though you just looked at your watch, should someone ask you at this moment for the correct time, you would instinctively refer to your watch again. Why is it?

* * *

Suggested by M. O.

Of all the games played "Keeping up with the Jones'" is the blue ribbon prize winner. Why is it just when your last payment is made and you are about to enjoy this newly found freedom from financial worries, your neighbor decides to buy his wife a mink coat?

Why is it that some fellows work harder and worry more about jobs for which they do not get paid than they do about their own business?

* * *

Why is it that some individuals who have much, when they lose a little, complain that they are heading for the poorhouse, yet on the other hand, the guy who has little, when he loses almost all, is thankful for the very little that is left?

* * *

Why is that sometimes it takes a long time to write a short letter and a short time to write a long one?

Why is it that the message you thought would wow them, only succeeds in putting them to sleep, while, on the other hand, the story you thought would prove uninteresting and lifeless, turns out to be a howling success?

Why is it? By Adolph Strauss

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE

Why is it that some guys won't lift a finger to help get an idea in motion but when the going is grand they want to get into the act?

* * *

Why is it that when you don't give a tinker's cuss how you swing a golf club your shots are terrific but when you try hard to win your shots stink?

* * *

It seems that the bigger the business executive the more easily he frightens when the sales graph shows a slight turn downward? Why is it?

* * *

Why is it that some individuals feel that they are not getting their money's worth unless they can buy everything for less than the price asked?

Why is it that the individual who is well informed feels that there is much more to be learned while the guy who knows very little thinks he knows it all?

It is difficult to get some men away from their homes for an evening. Why is it that once they get out for an evening they want to go out every nite?

* * *

Why is it that some of these so-called "million dollar" ideas fizzle out when put into practice while those that look like duds wind up to be fortune builders?

* * *

Some individuals are so difficult to convince that no matter what amount of persuasion you use you can't get them to yield a point. Why is it that when their theories are finally proven to be all wet they will shrug their shoulders and nonchalantly say, "Well, so I made a mistake"? But that isn't all. After one simmers down they come up with another.

Why is it?

by Adolph Straus

Why is it that some so-called "geniuses" imagine that they are above reproach and that the other guy is always at fault? When their shortcomings are called to their attention, they react as if hit by a wet floor mop.

Why is it that when we are looking for something we want, that that little something is always at the bottom of the heap?

Why is it that some business executives delude themselves into believing that in order for a system to function efficiently it must be involved and complicated?

Most of us are intrigued by little gadgets, particularly those that have a universal application. Why is it that when we see one of these ingenious pieces of mechanism in operation, we cannot refrain from blurbing, "Why didn't I think of that?"

And, you have the nervous guy who tells you that he plays cards to relax. Have you ever seen one of these "Nerve Centers" in action? They burn up enough nerve energy to illuminate a small community. Still this bozo insists that he plays to relax. Next case!

Why is it that it is the excitable, fidgety and the impetuous type of character who listens to those gruesome and hair-raising mystery horrid stories over the air? When you ask them why they tune-in such nerve-racking programs, they will tell you that kind of "entertainment" "soothes their nerves." Oh! Brother!

Why is it that some individuals will subscribe to a million different magazines and not read any of them? If you ask them why they subscribe to so many, they will alibi their way out by telling you that a single idea culled from one of these rags will justify the expense. But, in order to get an idea from one of these magazines, it is necessary to read a series of articles. So when does an individual find so much time to read so many books?

Why is it that when we are away from the office for a short duration, we imagine that we have been gone for a very long time? And when we have been absent from our center of business activities for a long period of time, why is it that two days after we've returned we feel as if we hadn't been away at all?

There are some guys who can't talk unless they have a pad and pencil handy. Why is it that everytime they want to bring home a point in the course of their conversation they must resort to doodling?

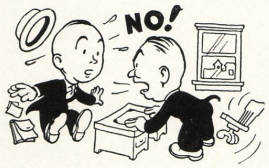
Why is it?

by Adolph Strauss

There is something magnetic about one's name in print, that no matter where it is hidden one is bound to be attracted to it. Why is it that certain name-seekers will not read any article unless their names appear in it?

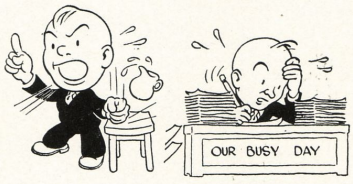
Why is it that it takes some people so long to say so little?

And no doubt you have shaken the hand of the guy who wouldn't hesitate a second to dropping 10 bucks on a single card in a poker game, but who would read you the riot act if you were to ask him for five bucks to help a good cause along. Why is it?

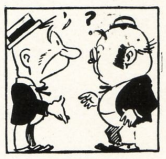


Some men will pay a bitter price for experience and yet refuse to profit by so valuable a lesson out of sheer stubbornness in refusing to admit their mistakes of the past. Why is it?

Why is it that we invariably find on the dinner table that which we had for lunch?



In this corner lurks the trumpeter of doom—the guy who is always finding fault with the way things are run and when he is asked to lend a helping hand will give you a wishy-washy eyewash of an excuse that he is too busy to be bothered with such "nonsense." Why is it?



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Why is it that some guys derive an incongruous mixture of inane pleasure out of sending anonymous letters?

There are individuals who when a crime is committed are most vehement in their condemnation of the accused and who when the time for his trial is held are most sympathetic in their desire to see the bozo go free.

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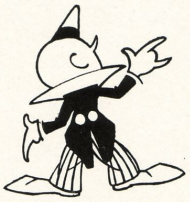


Why is it that the clown always wants to play Hamlet? And every "Hamlet" thinks that he's a comedian?

Why is it?

by Adolph Strauss

Why is it that some fellows keep soaking their crying towels with "bitter" tears at the merest provocation? To listen to their tale of woe one might get the impression that their business is about to collapse when all they are experiencing is a slight but temporary business recession.

* * * *

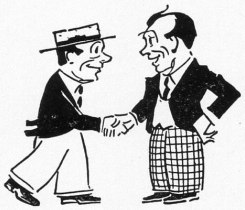
Why is it that when certain business executives are compelled to make a decision because of pressure brought to bear beyond their power to control it and when this action results in a successful operation they are looked upon by some as "business wizards" or "geniuses" no less?

* * * *

Just when the world looks darkest and you are ready to throw in the sponge why is it that some little insignificant something can come along and change your entire attitude toward mankind in general?

* * * *

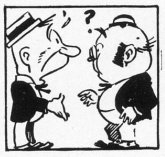
Why is it that when we hear of the activities of certain famous individuals we are inclined to build up visions of grandeur around them and when given an opportunity to meet them in person we are apt to be disappointed because they rarely measure up to one's expectation of what a great person should be like?



Regardless of whom it may concern, some guys have the habit of greeting everyone they meet with a terrific burst of enthusiasm like long lost friends seeing each other for the first time. Why is it as these so-called "friends" part, after one of these explosive demonstrations, this particular individual will turn to the person nearest him and bark out, "That guy is a no good heel" when a complimentary remark is expected?

Invariably, when a guy comes home woozy-eyed in the wee hours of the morning after nursing aces and wild deuces at a card jam session he resolves to hit the hay at a reasonable hour on the following nite. Why is it that when the following nite rolls around he is all set to go on another bender, regardless of the resolution made and the loss of sleep of the nite before?

Why is it that some individuals imagine that they alone have the privilege of pursuing certain aims and when someone else follows the same course they resent it as interfering with those rights which they think are exclusively theirs?



Why is it that some people like to make promises with no thought of ever fulfilling them?

* * * *

Why is it that some individuals must suffer a severe shock to realize that they themselves can not solve every problem with which they are confronted?

Why is it?

by Adolph Strauss

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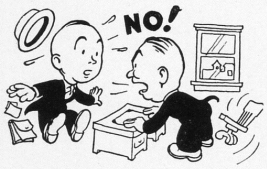

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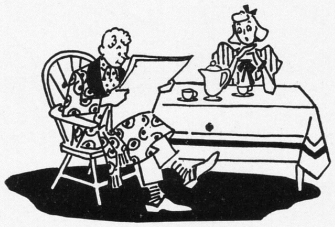

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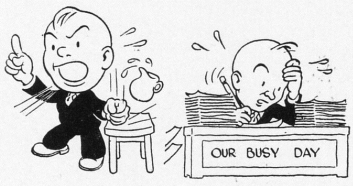

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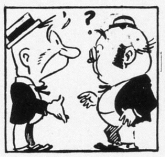

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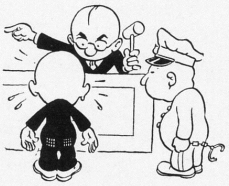

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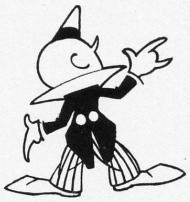

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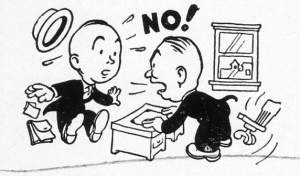


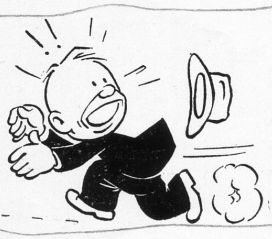
Why is it that some business executives will send a boy to do a man's job or a man to do a kid's chores?

* * * *

Why is it that a guy who thinks he has a lot to say while someone else is talking has very little to say when given the opportunity to speak?

* * * *

Why is it that when a person utters something witty you will invariably find in your presence the bozo who chimes in with, "You missed your vocation, you should have been an actor?"



Why is it that some fellows consider it a privilege to enter a theatre on a Complimentary Pass while others are embarrassed when using such a ticket of admission?

Why is it that some guys give one the impression that they are always walking on a hot griddle? One minute their enthusiasm is skybound and at the next stroke of the clock they act as if the wolf is at their door with a pick-ax. Orders issued at 12 o'clock are countermanded at 12.01.

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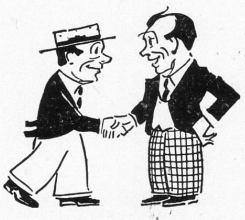


Some fellows will promise the world for the means to accomplish an end but when the end is accomplished will shy away from fulfilling their obligations. Why is it?

Since there is one in every closet there must be one in yours. We are speaking of the super-doodler who when asked to explain something never fails to do so without resorting to paper and pencil to illustrate his point. Why is it?

Why is it that when some guys write an innocent, innocous article or story there is bound to be some palooka who will impute the darnest motives to the writing of such material?

Why is it that some guys talk in riddles—in a sort of mumbo, jumbo lingo—and then expect you to give them a sound and sensible answer?

Why is that some men take such great delight in seeing other guys fail?

Why is it ?®

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE

By Adolph Strauss

Have you ever met the wood-pecker type of talker? Every time he wants to bring home a point will strike your arm with the force of a sledge hammer and by the time he is finished you are too. Why is it?

Why is it that when a guy is gainfully employed 10 different individuals are offering him "better" jobs but when the poor fellow is out of work no one will look at the guy?

The purpose of purchasing a large economy size package of merchandise is to save money on bulk buying. Then, why is it that because you have a large package you use more of the stuff than if you had a smaller size package when the smaller portion is all that is necessary to do the job?

Did you ever get tangled up in an argument with a guy bent on venting his spleen on a certain subject and before you are given a chance for a rebuttal will switch the subject around to something altogether foreign to the original theme—and just as you think your opportunity has arrived he will again switch the subject? Why is it that when yau are finally given the opportunity to chime in you forget what the whole stinking mess is all about?

Why is it that some projects take so little time to complete but so long to prepare while others take so little time to plan but ever so long to finish?

* * *

It seems that no matter how much persuasion is brought to bear one cannot convince certain businessmen to accept certain business proposals but let a competitor initiate a move as suggested and every merchant wants to follow in his competitor's footsteps, all original arguments to the contrary, notwithstanding. Why is it?

Why is it that some so called perfectionists are always bellyaching that they have the world's worst bunch of hoodlums working for them when in actuality they have highly prized organizations, but the guy who has a loosely organized one cylinder company is forever boasting that he has the prize company of them all?

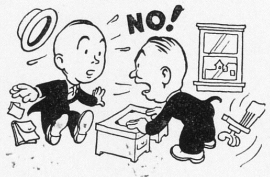
* * *

Some fellows have a habit of saving every piece of literature they get hold of, but why is it that every time they want to refer to a certain paper never seem to know under what heading they filed the darn thing?

Why is it?

by Adolph Strauss

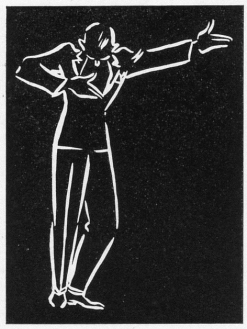
Why is it that some individuals will maliciously attack or deliberately destroy that which they made possible simply because they harbor a personal grudge against its leader? Regardless of the service it may render to the community, these individuals would rather see a flourishing enterprise blown to smithereens rather than see it continue to thrive, if its destruction will furnish the means to eliminate their "arch enemy."



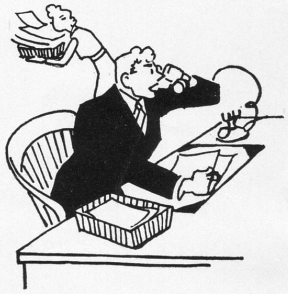
Why is is that some fellows derive a certain measure of delight in turning down every proposition submitted them? If you ask them to serve on a committee they will invariably say "No." And if you overlook them and fail to ask for their support they will complain that they are being neglected and that only the "big shots" get the gravy.

And we have in this corner the guy who can always find a plausible argument to justify his every action. If his desk is loaded to the hilt with a miscellaneous collection of junk he will tell you that he can think better when his desk is so disorganized. When he is overtaken by an ambitious urge to clear his desk of anything he will tell you that a clear desk means a clear mind. Why is it?

Some guys are obsessed with the dizzy notion that they have the answers to every problem on the face of this man's globe and when someone questions them on a familiar subject they resent it as a reflection on their better judgment? Why is it?



Why is it that some guys like to dramatize every thing they do? Is it the actor in them or the ham coming to the fore?



Why is it that some men when they talk over the phone shout so loud that they can be heard in the next county, without benefit of A. T. and T.

There are some individuals who feel that in order to convey a message to others it must be coached in tones of bitter sarcasm. Why is that? Is it a misnomer to say that this bozo is a "stinker"?

Why is it the so-called human Polar Bear who is always boasting about taking cold showers every day is forever complaining that there isn't enough hot water in the boiler?

Then we have the circle-makers . . . the bozo who is always running around in circles hoping that you might mistake motion for progress. Why is it?

Why is it? ® By Adolph Strauss

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE

No matter how one tries, there are nights when it is impossible to fall asleep. Why is it when it is time to get up you get the urge to sleep on—and—on—and—on?

* * *

It is automatic with some guys, the minute a project is submitted for their approval, they immediately condemn it. Why is it that once these condemners—after much persuasion—get interested in the venture, they become its most enthusiastic supporters?

* * *

Why is it that by merely stepping out of their office door, some fellows can escape from all their business worries, while some guys can travel the world over and not lose an iota of a worry cell on their entire trip?

* * *

Oddly enough the person who wants to gain weight has trouble doing so, but the individual who wants to reduce keeps breaking the scale mechanism. Why is it?

A guy will knock his brains up against a wall for a number of years in total obscurity, but when he finally makes the grade, the public will react thusly,—"There's a guy who made a success OVERNIGHT!" Why is it?

* * *

Why is it some of those "just came in to say 'hello' calls" end up as two hour visits?

Oftimes one is advised that before undertaking a new venture he should be fully conversant with its many phases. Then, why is it that the more we know of certain businesses the less likely we are to engage in them?

Why is it that sometimes those who do the least get the most?

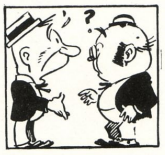
Why is it?

by Adolph Straus

Come what may, there is the guy who is always looking at the world thru mud-covered glasses. If he is unable to find fault with the operation of a successful enterprise he will endeavor to find something wrong with its leadership. It appears that when a guy is determined to find something to complain about he is bound to unearth it somewhere. Why is it?

Why is it that some of these so-called self-centered wonders delude themselves into thinking that they can chime in on every argument afloat and get away with it?

Why is it that some business executives are more concerned about little, unimportant trivials than they are about the bigger operations of their business?



Why is it that some guys aren't happy unless they make others unhappy? Don't think we have our finger pointing at you . . . it's the other guy.

Why is it that some individuals are so gullible as to take everything they read or hear at face value?

Why is it that at a meeting some guy will express the same opinion advanced by a previous speaker and imagine that what he is saying is original with him? Tie that one to a microphone and see what develops.

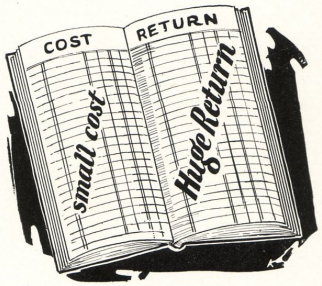
Why is it that some people see in their every proposal the same success-stories achieved by others? Their propositions are always "sure-fire stuff" and ones that "just can't miss."

Why is it that when some guys have something to say they detour around the town before they reach their point of embarkation? Oh! You, too, know someone like that?

Some men have peculiar notions as to when a responsibility begins or where it ends. Why is it that some individuals feel that when they are elected to an office in a fraternal organization their responsibility to that fraternity is at an end?

Why is it that some fellows will listen patiently to good sound advice and then turn around and do just the opposite?

Why is it that the fellow who reads something that fits his description to the letter will fail to see his own likeness in it, but will tell you that he knows a bozo whose feet fit the shoes?

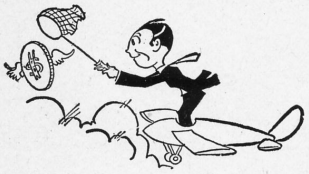


Why is it that the guy who doesn't have more than a few bucks to his name is always offering solutions to problems involving the expenditure of millions? Who brought that up?

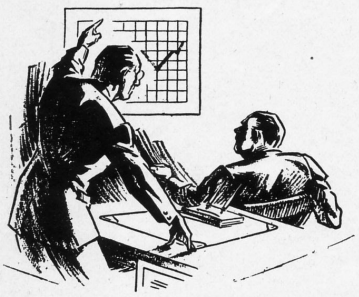
Why is it?

by Adolph Strauss

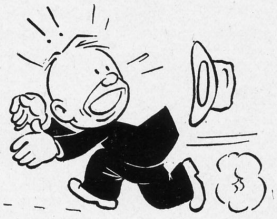
Why is it that certain individuals would rather be praised for their achievements in some field other than that in which they attained their financial success? A successful business man would rather be applauded for his ability as an art connoisseur than for his business acumen. Why is that?



Why is it that certain business men cannot see the wisdom of spending an extra few dollars in advertising to retain what they have in good will, but when their business takes a nose dive will spend a young fortune to regain what they lost. Will some one please answer that one?



Why is it that when business is thriving on all cylinders the credit for such success is attributed to excellent leadership, but when the business thermometer tumbles to a new low, the decrease is ascribed to the "Times." Why is it?

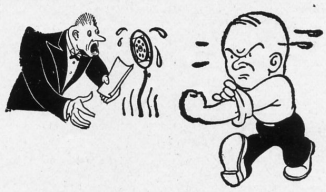


How about the fellow who kicks like a steer when asked to perform a certain service not to his liking but reluctantly gives in after some persuasion and when he accomplishes the assigned mission, tells you that he "wouldn't have missed the experience for a million." Why is that?

You no doubt have met the person who imagines he has THE monopoly on brain power. Every time a subject is discussed by men conversant with the topic at hand, he will chime in with his limited knowledge and immediately take over the session. He is so engrossed with his self-importance that he feels that without his help a solution is impossible. Why is that?

In this corner you will find Mr. X who is constantly complaining about the state of affairs as he finds them. When he is idle will complain about his idleness. From all appearance the man craves action, but when he is given something to do will complain that he never has a moment of peace. Why is it?

Why is it that when a so-called little man is given a little authority he becomes a little tyrant? If you look about, you will find a typical case.



It never fails that every time that you meet a certain character he will tell you that he listened to "so and so on the radio the other night and did that guy burn me up. In fact I burn up every time I listen to that guy." Why is it that they will invariably tune in a radio commentator or read a newspaper columnist they dislike when they know beforehand that he will definitely irritate them. Again we ask, why is that?

Open up the door slowly and you will see the big boss gazing into space. What is he thinking of? Shut the door and he will reveal what is gyrating in his cranium. There are certain gentlemen who when they read the life of a famous man imagine that they are a reincarnation of that hero. Some business men, after reading of the life of Napoleon, imagine that they, too, are napoleons in their fields of endeavor. If you open up the door again, it is possible you will find the old man with his right hand inside his coat and his left hand behind his back—or vice versa.

Why is it? ® By Adolph Strauss

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There are times when we feel we can tackle any problem, however difficult it may appear on the surface, and yet after we have accomplished our mission and look back, why is it that we shudder when we realize that we have undertaken something far above the capabilities we thought we possessed?

●

Upon this sub-miniature pedestal we present the individual who proclaims to the world that he doesn't like so-called "Yes" men and welcomes criticisms—but who when criticism is levelled at him will raise the roof or walk out on you, grossly insulted. Why is it?

●

It invariably happens that just as you are about to cut off your ignition after struggling madly to get your car in between two other cars, the guy parked in front arrives to pull his auto out. Why is it?

●

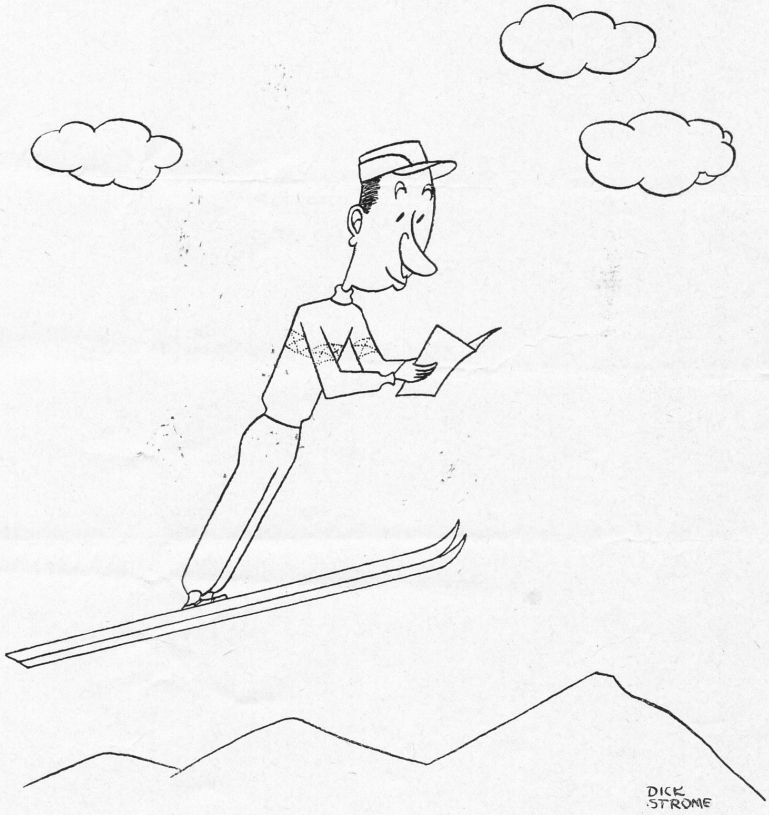
Why is it that some things written at night don't sound half as interesting in the morning as they did the night before?

●

Why is it that certain executives keep answering questions fired at them from some of their subordinates with mumbo jumbo for fear that if they gave them sensible answers they would find themselves unable to crawl out of what would develop into an embarrassing situation?

Why is it that the minute certain individuals mislay an item they immediately accuse someone of stealing it?

It is amazing how some individuals can blow up trivia to the status of an important issue. Why is it?



There is something impelling about the contents of certain letters that prompts us to reread them at every opportunity. Why is it that no matter how many times we go over them we find something new with every reading?

Why is it?

by Adolph Straus

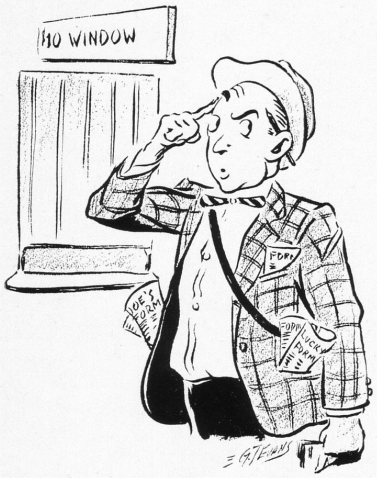
ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. T. EVANS

Why is it that some individuals have that King Midas touch that no matter what they put their fingers to turns into gold, while others are such great chemists that everything they touch turns into so much apple sauce?

Why is it that when we have many things to do we want to do still more, but when we have ample time to do many chores, we don't feel in the mood to do anything?

Why is it that when we have so much to say our mind goes blank and silence reigns supreme when we come face to face with the individual for whom we have prepared our attack?

Why is it that certain worry-torn business executives envy the little fellow his small responsibilities and the little fellow envys the big man his bigness and sums it up this way, "If I had his money, I wouldn't have a thing to worry about"?



Why is it that certain individuals will buy every conceivable racing form, handicappers' dope sheet, newspaper, etc., in order to pick a winning horse, but when it comes time to put their money on the line they play their own hunches?

Why is it when your guests are viewing the show you have been raving about so much, the television set goes crazy in the middle of the program? No audio—no video—sometimes audio, but no video, but always no sanity for the host.

A man feels that he has attained a fair measure of success when he has more money than his needs require, but to the younger members of his family he is a total flop because he can't converse with them in High School French. Why is it?

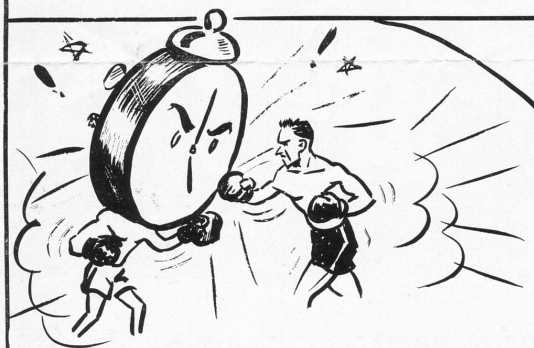
WHY IS IT? ® By ADOLPH STRAUSS

WHY IS IT that unless something is done immediately it never gets done?

WHY IS IT that certain individuals when asked to speak before a group of people are so terrified that they wish they were somewhere else — but after they get started can't wait until they get another speaking assignment?

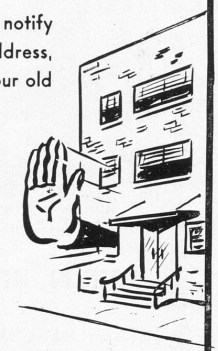
WHY IS IT that the desire to help sometimes gets those helped into a nastier mess than if no help were offered in the first place?

WHY IS IT that some people judge others by what they hear — but are flabbergasted when told that they have been criticized by someone whom they've never met?



Fighting the clock is a habit with some people that no matter how much time they are given to complete a project, will wait until the very last minute to get started — and then complain bitterly that they are being "pushed" WHY IS IT?

No matter how many times you notify some people of a change of address, they insist on sending mail to your old address. WHY IS IT?



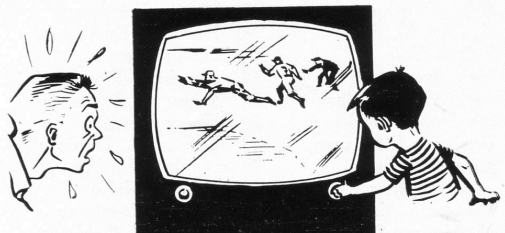
WHY IS IT?® By ADOLPH STRAUSS

WHY IS IT THAT WHEN YOU DRESS THEM UP IN DUNGAREES THEY'LL LOOK AT PICTURE BOOKS AND WHEN YOU DOLL THEM UP IN THEIR SUNDAY BEST, THEY ROLL IN THE MUD?

He is a perfect gentleman when he dines at home but an Indian on the warpath when dining out? Why is it, mom, mom?

Why is it that sometimes a voice over the phone can be so annoying and yet the volcanic explosions emanating from the TV show the tots are watching can be so pleasantly inaudible?

Why is it the little clever chatterbox clams up when you want to show her off to your guests? Not a word, not a word.



WHY IS IT THAT WHEN YOU AND THE LITTLE FELLA ARE QUIETLY WATCHING A BASEBALL GAME ON TV HE WANTS TO TURN THE SET OFF AT THE CRUCIAL MOMENT IN THE GAME?

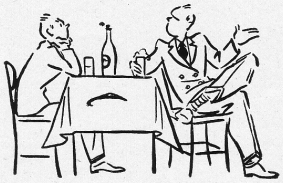
Why is it?

By
Adolph Strauss

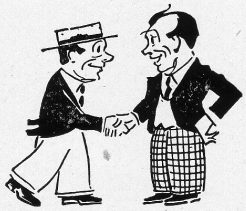
Why is it that when financial success comes their way certain individuals feel that in order to be popular socially it is necessary to be a clown? It never fails. As soon as success hits them they think every word uttered should send everybody into convulsions and every act greeted with howls of laughter.

When a habitual drinker gets the urge to go on a prolonged drinking spree and is asked why the hilarity will give you one or two answers. If his business is good he will excuse his actions by telling you he is celebrating his good fortune and if things are on the skids he will tell you that he is drowning his sorrows to-get-away-from-it-all. If the desire for the bottle is overpowering he will find a plausible argument to justify his action. The same can be said of the guy who always goes to parts unknown to play golf. It can be said about——

You have undoubtedly come across the guy who when given a responsibility about which he knows very little will ignore the advice of a past master in the field. He would rather grope in the dark making oodles of errors than give the other guy the satisfaction of being asked for advice. Why is it?



Take the guy who sits down with you at the dinner table and keeps insisting that you eat such and such because "it is GOOD for you" when your better judgment dictates otherwise. Nearly all medicos will tell you that one man's meat is another man's poison and yet this guy keeps pressing you with "it's good for you."
Why is it?



Why is it that when a person attains some measure of success in one particular field of endeavor he is looked upon as an authority on every subject on the face of the earth? It is more noticeable at a lecture forum. It never fails that when the lecture is ended someone invariably asks the speaker a question about a subject foreign to that which had been discussed and expects an immediate and authoritative answer. Or a movie actor will be asked to express his opinion regarding the opening of second European Front so his "public" can be properly informed. Why is it?

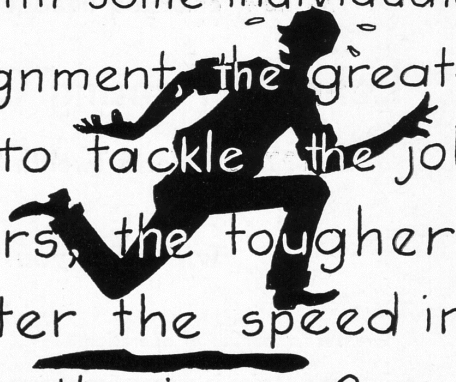
And of course there is the individual who while convalescing from a major operation vows that when he is fully recovered will become man's greatest benefactor. He will perform acts of charity the like of which his community has never dreamed possible . . . he will be overly kind to man and beast. . . What happens when the fog of convalescence is lifted? He lapses into his habits of old and his grandiose plan so elaborately concocted fades into thin air. Why is it?

Then there is the fellow who keeps listening to every piece of war news that filters through the radio and when he has had his fill of war reports will complain, "Why doesn't that guy break up that depressing war stuff with some local news of a more cheerful nature?" And when he finally picks up a commentator who intersperses his comments with a little local spice will give vent to his spleen with, "Hasn't that guy anything else to worry about. Doesn't he know that "there's a WAR going on?" Why is it?

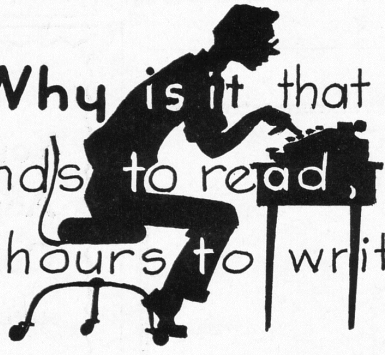
BUY
United States
War Bonds and Stamps

WHY IS IT?® By ADOLPH STRAUSS

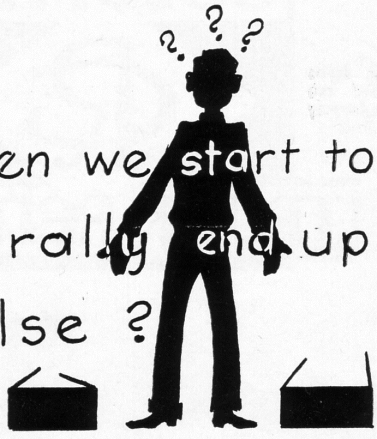
. . . **Why is it** that with some individuals, the tougher the assignment, the greater the eagerness to tackle the job . . . while with others, the tougher the job, the greater the speed in running away from the issue?

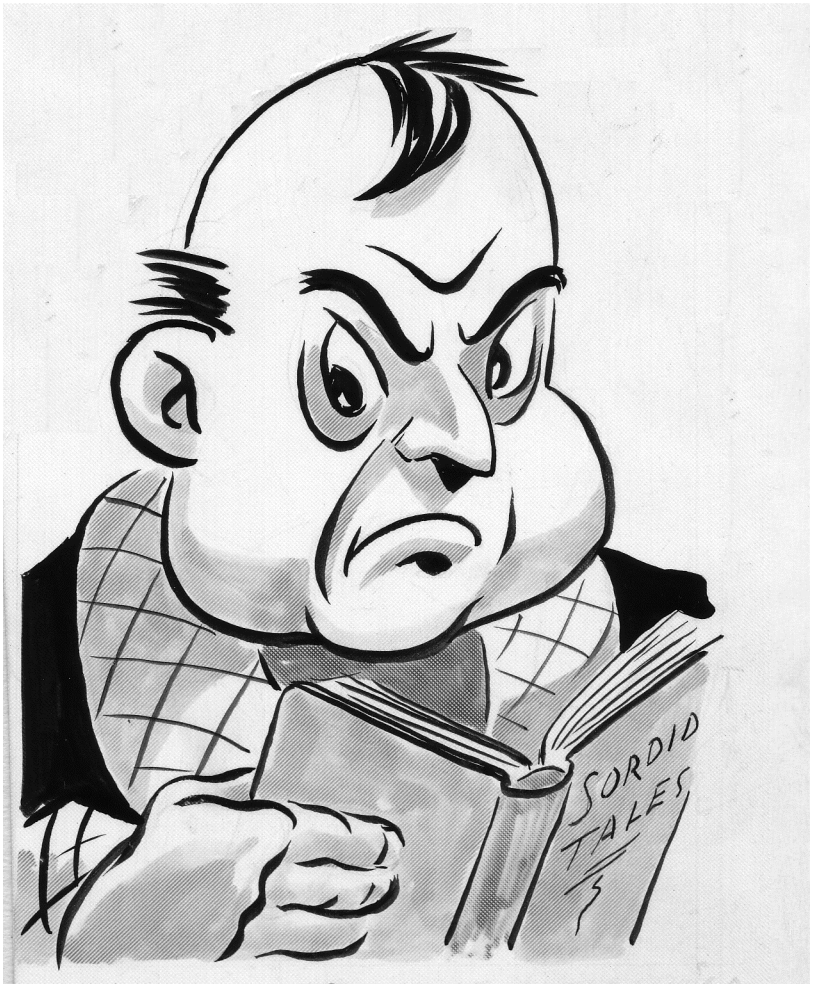


. . . **Why is it** that what takes four seconds to read, sometimes takes four hours to write?



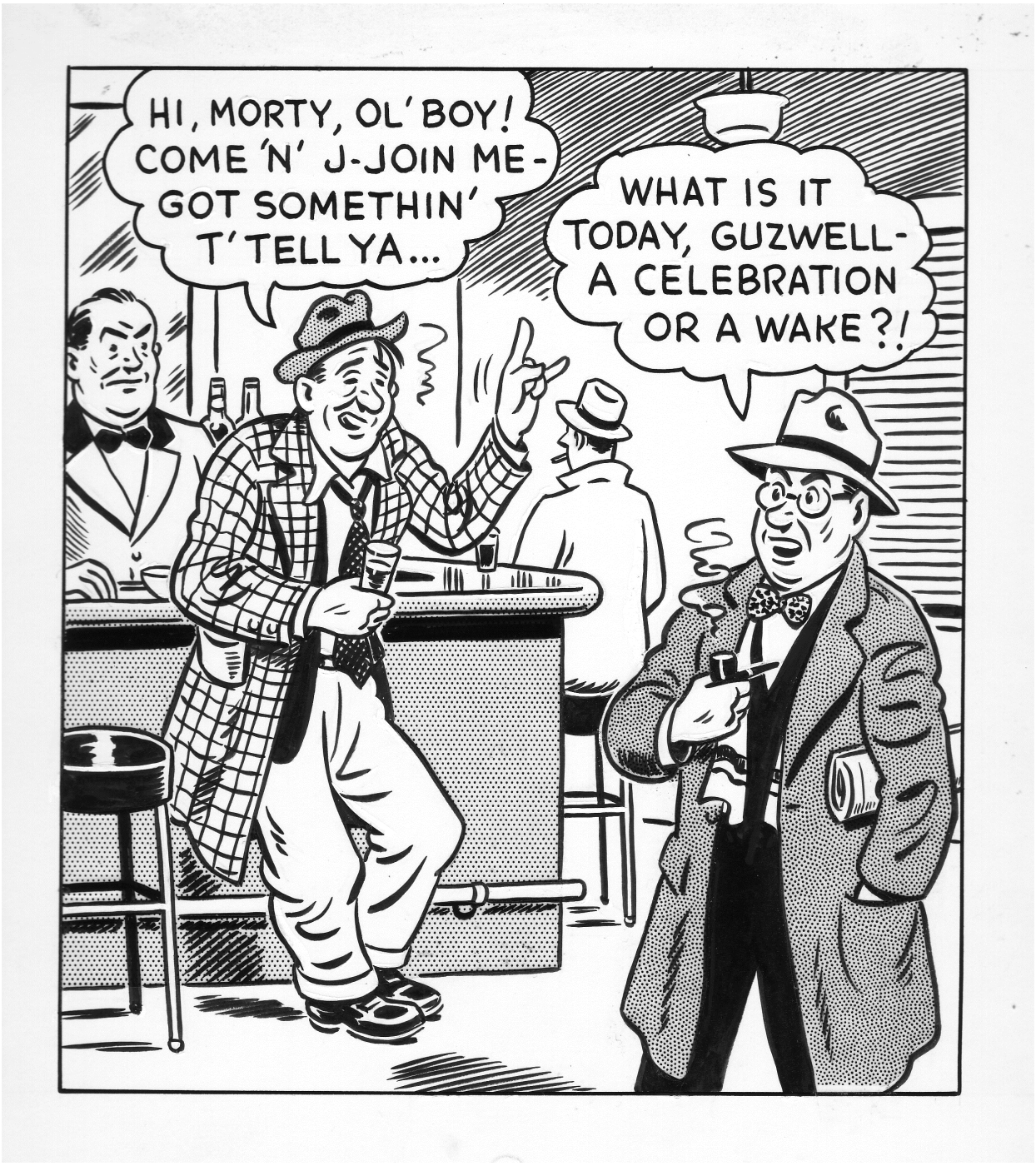
. . . **Why is it** that when we start to do one thing, we generally end up doing something else?

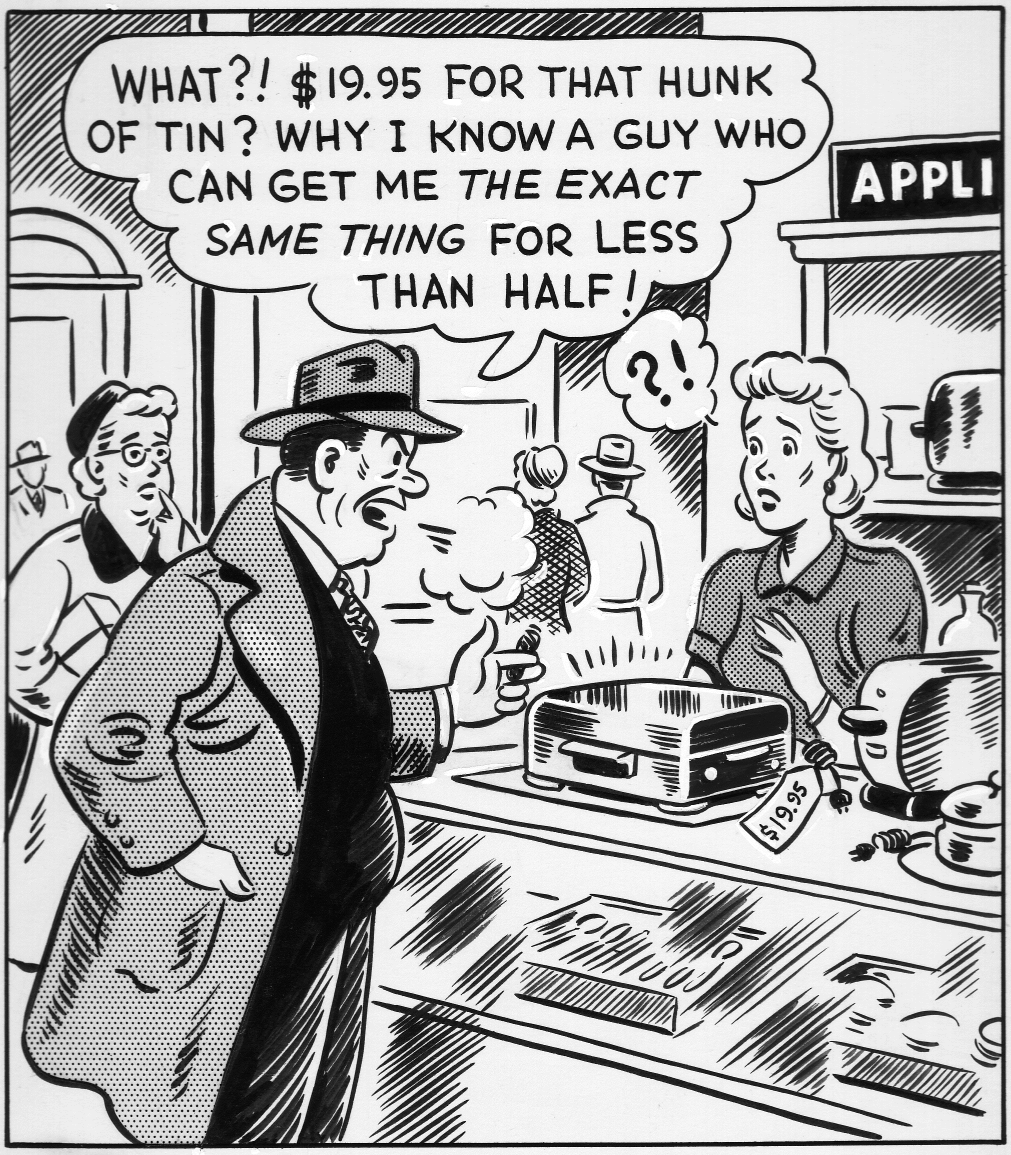




Artwork

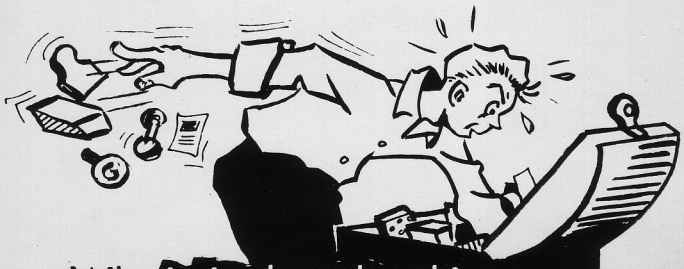
HEY BLANCHE! LOOK! I FOUND A *FIVE DOLLAR BILL* ON THE STREET!
OH DEAR! I JUST READ ABOUT A MAN WHO FOUND SOME MONEY- AND THE NEXT DAY HE DIED OF A HEART ATTACK!
POOR POPPA!


HI, MORTY, OL' BOY! COME 'N' J-JOIN ME- GOT SOMETHIN' T' TELL YA...
WHAT IS IT TODAY, GUZWELL- A CELEBRATION OR A WAKE?!


WHAT?! $19.95 FOR THAT HUNK OF TIN? WHY I KNOW A GUY WHO CAN GET ME *THE EXACT SAME THING* FOR LESS THAN HALF!
?!
APPLI
$19.95

WHY IS IT?®

By ADOLPH STRAUSS



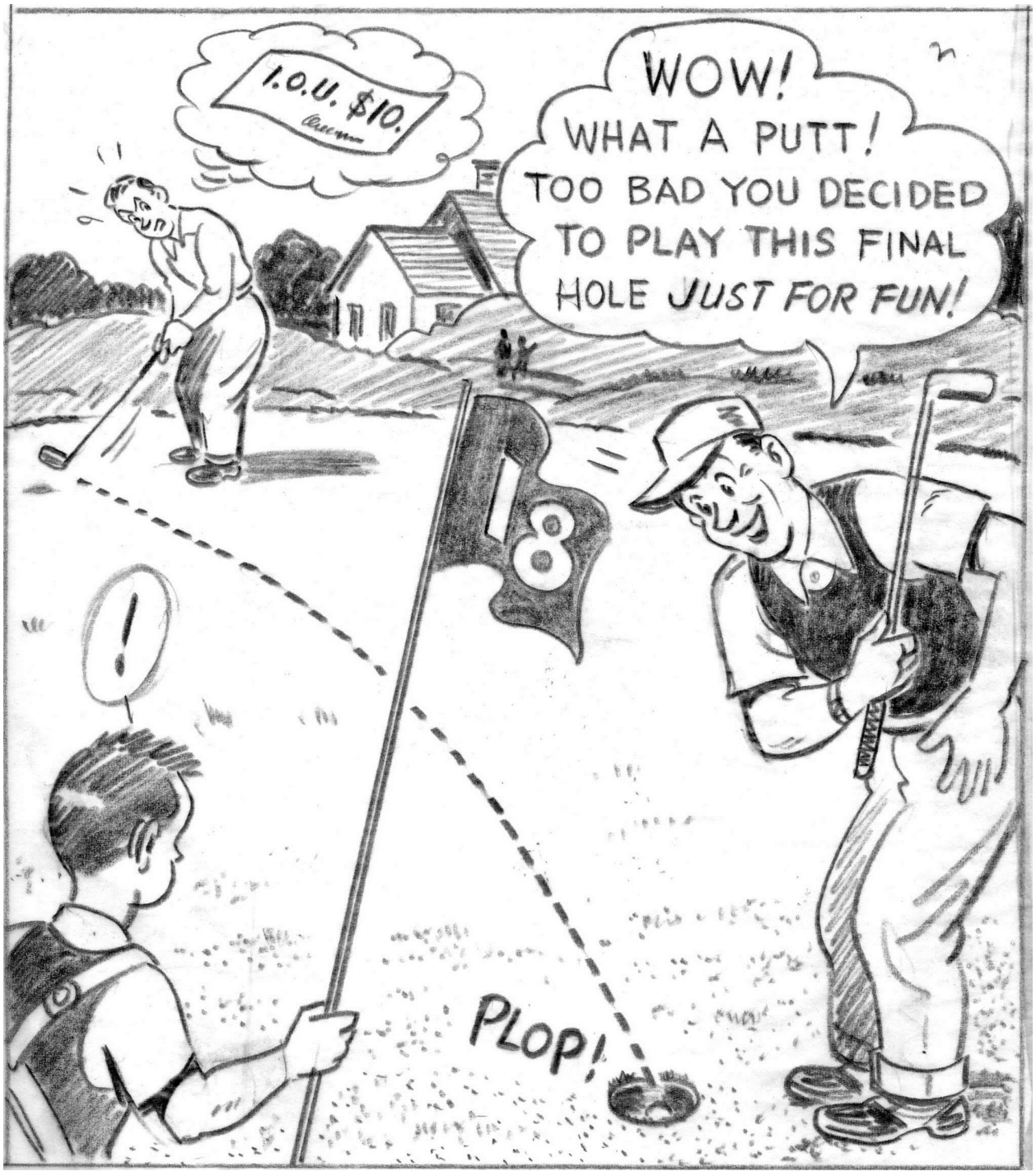
. . . Why is it that the thing you kept in hiding for a long period is the thing you need immediately after you discard it?

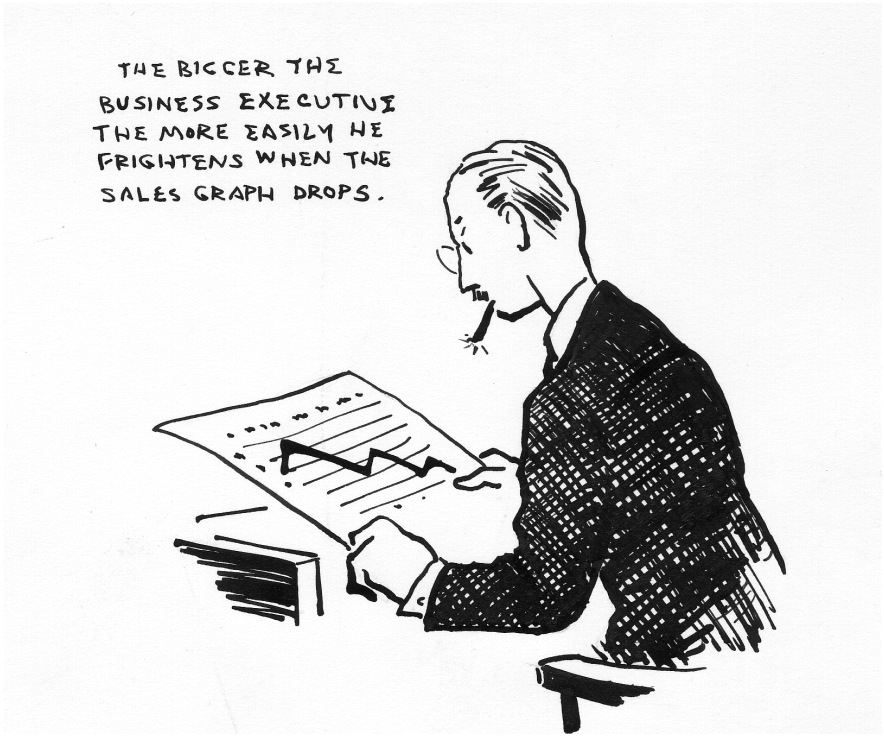
WHY IS IT. . .
SOME OF THESE
SO CALLED "MILLION-
DOLLAR IDEAS" FIZZLE
WHILE DUDS WIND UP
FORTUNE BUILDERS?

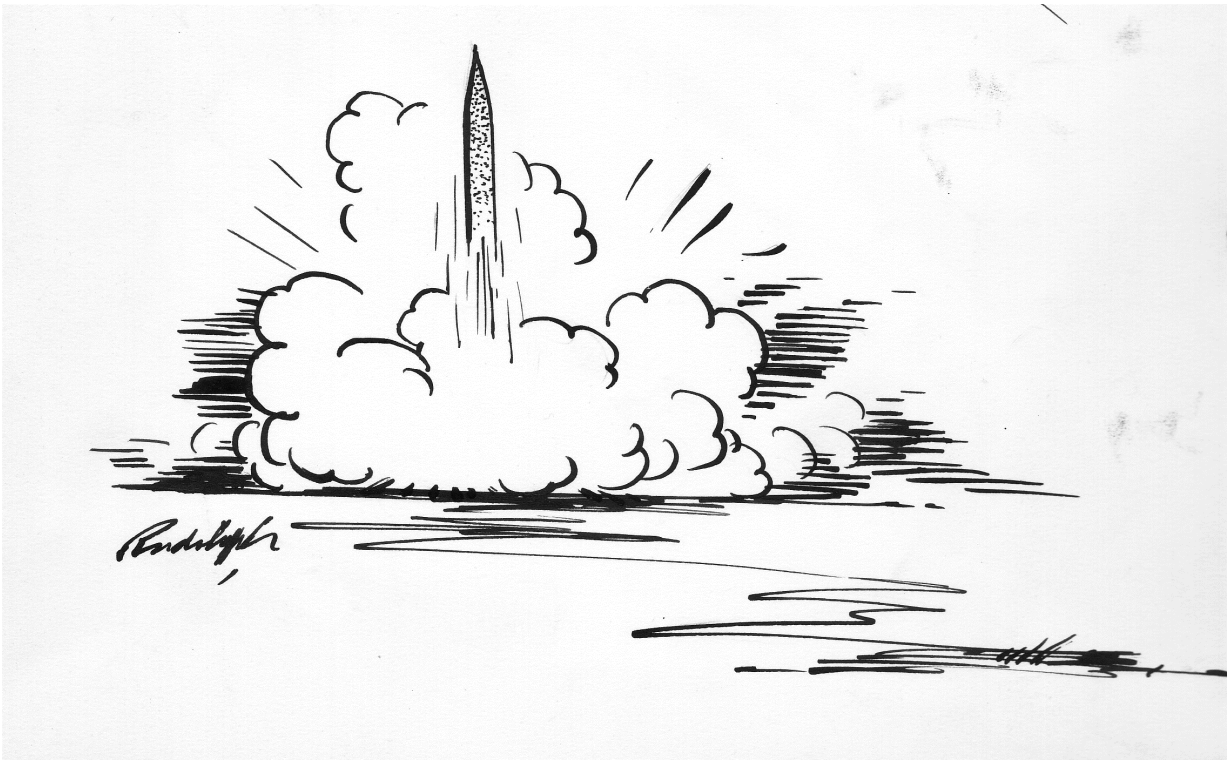
WHY IS IT SOME
INDIVIDUALS FEEL
THEY ARE NOT GETTING
THEIR MONEY'S WORTH
UNLESS THEY CAN BUY
EVERYTHING FOR LESS
THAN PRICE ASKED

ORIGINAL DRAWING

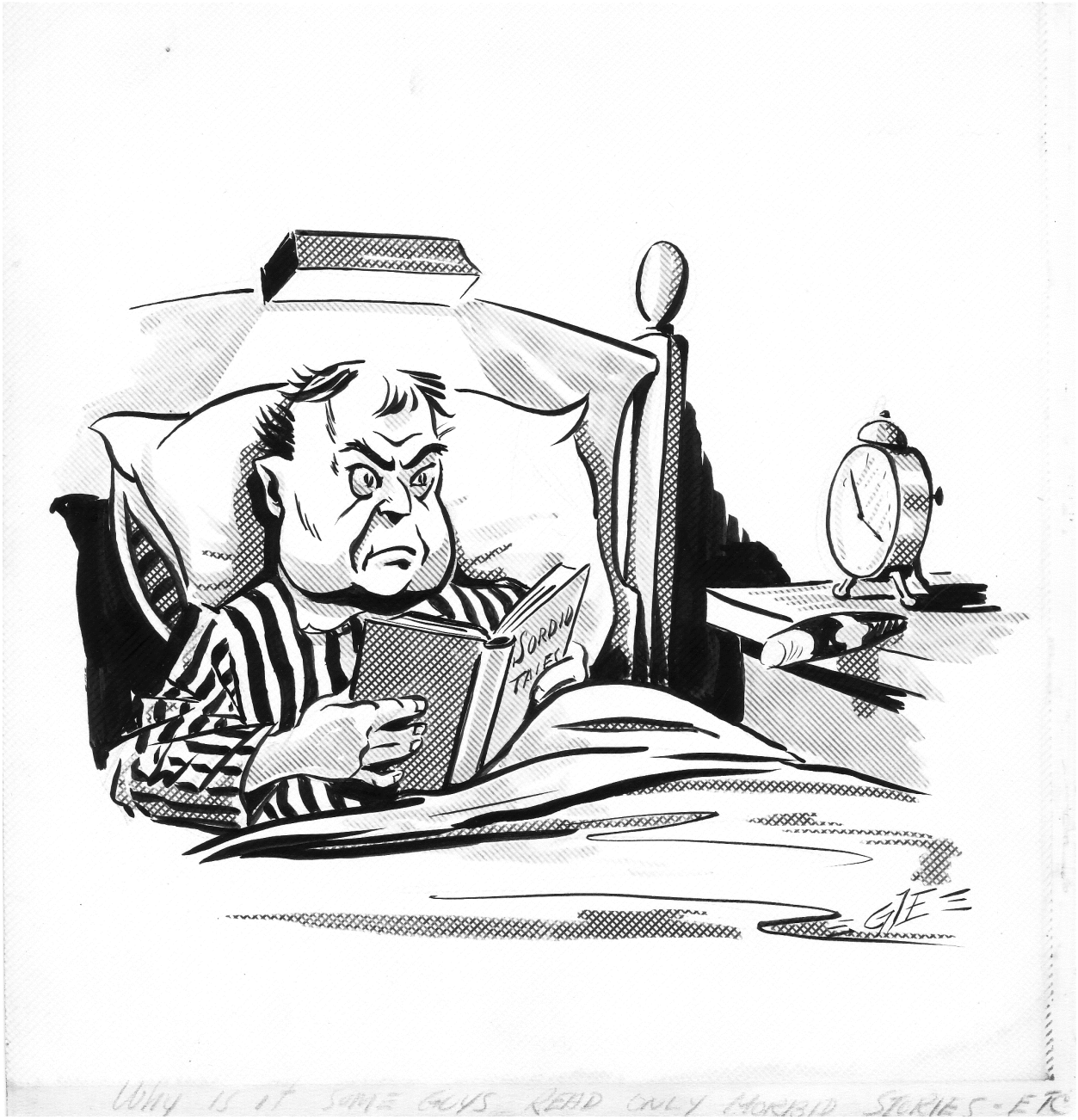
WHAT I SHOULD HAVE SAID TO THAT JOKER WAS- "YOU'RE SO SMART, HOW COME YOU DIDN'T GET INTO THE MARKET YOURSELF WHEN PRICES WERE AT ROCK BOTTOM?!"
WHY DIDN'T YOU PREPARE A SCRIPT? PLEASE SPARE ME YOUR DELAYED REPARTEE!


I.O.U. $10.
WOW!
WHAT A PUTT!
TOO BAD YOU DECIDED TO PLAY THIS FINAL HOLE JUST FOR FUN!
!
PLOP!

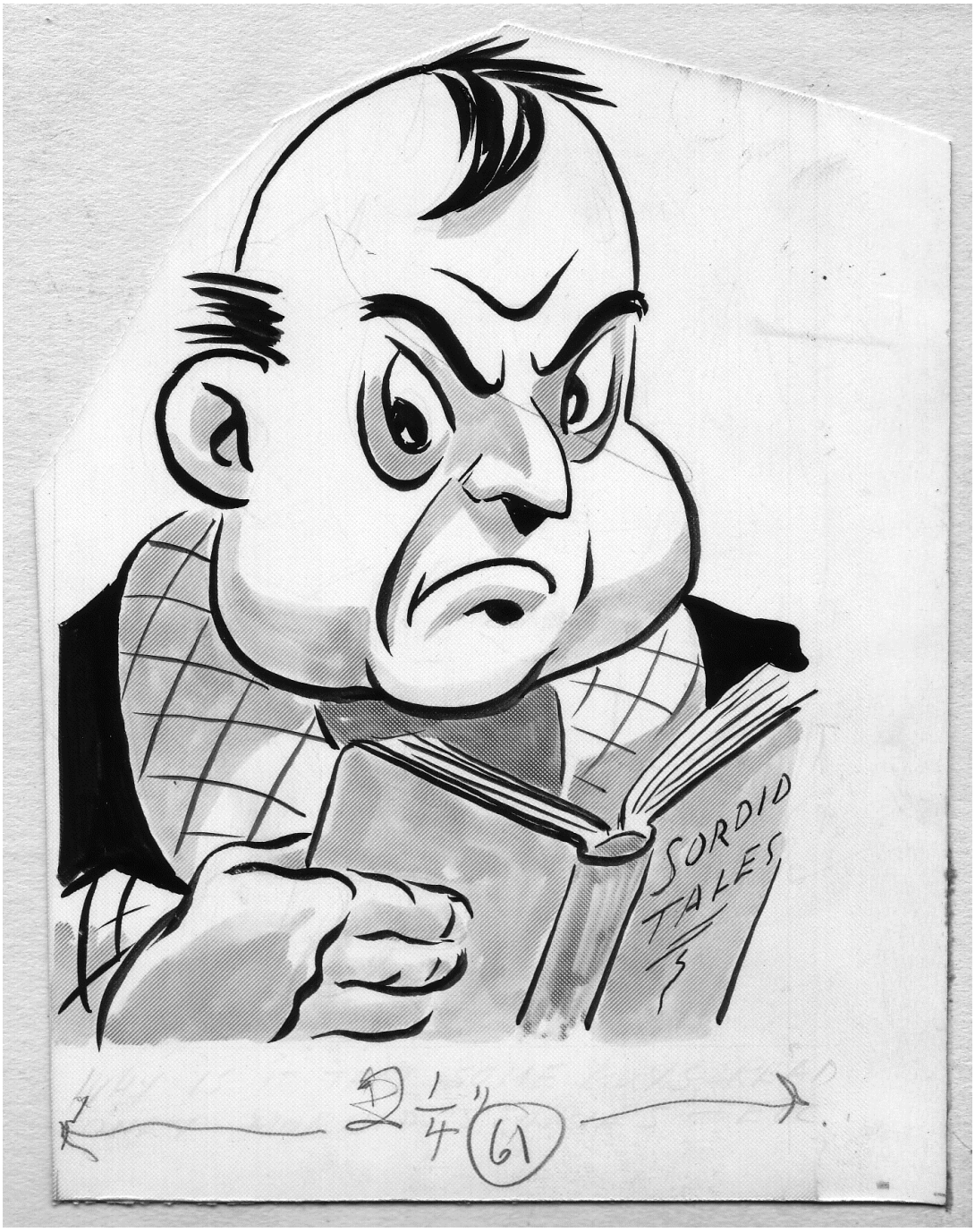

THE BIGGER THE
BUSINESS EXECUTIVE
THE MORE EASILY HE
FRIGHTENS WHEN THE
SALES GRAPH DROPS.



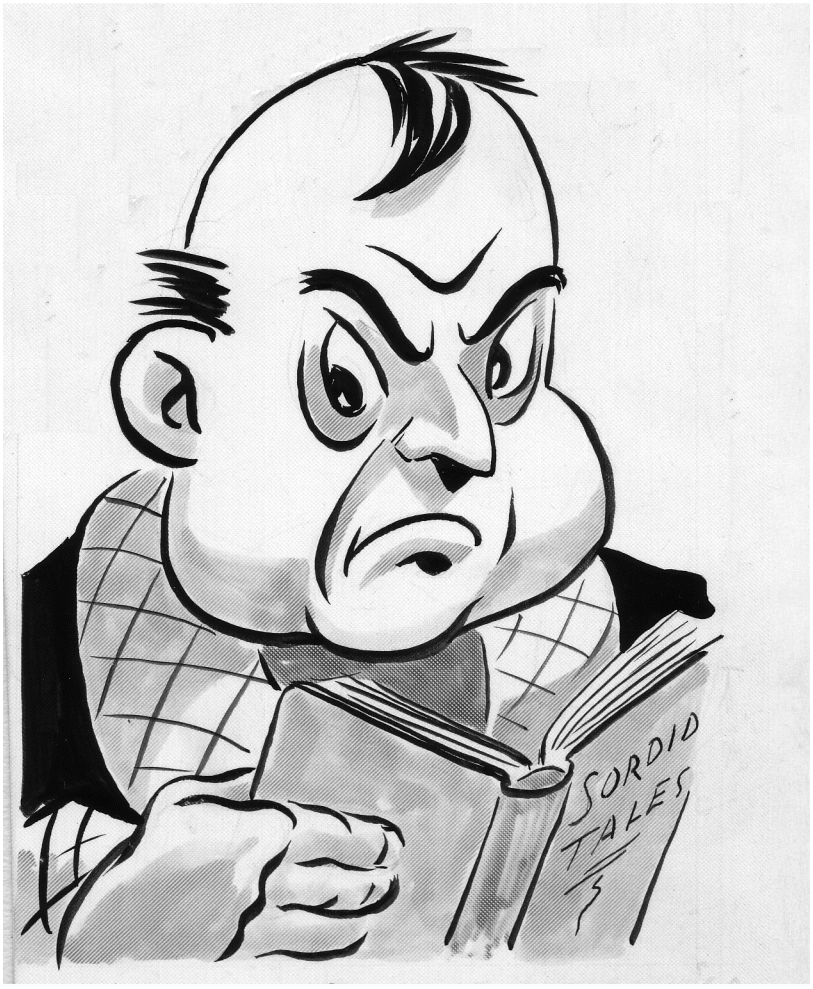
– AND THEN THERE WAS THIS TIME IN SIOUX FALLS WHEN WE LOST THE KEY TO OUR MOTEL! SEEMS THE OL' GUY WHO RAN THE PLACE WAS DEAF, SEE, SO WHEN WE KNOCKED ...
ETC. ETC.



WHY IS IT SOME GUYS READ ONLY HORRID STORIES - ER


SORDID
TALES
2 1/4" (61)

SLEEP
TABLE
YOUR
SLEEPING
HOURS
— GEO EVANS JR



Correspondence

There are certain things (problems) that we wrestle how you weigh them a thing by
rationalize about them they don't seem to make sense. Why is it that

Why is it?

Why is it that there are some things (problems) that

Why is it that men who are not politicians to the idea
that became grandfather, ~~of this idea~~ – they must
form a political party – nine adept to politics ~~that placed him~~
been relegated to the ~~ash heap~~ by the discussion
~~of~~ because they were successful in 20 "3 – –

Why is it?

that views have been discussed ~~after~~ in the 30's ~~before the~~
parties in the 30's. ~~Don't~~ to point that ~~Darsting~~ a
~~also~~ fad among a few actors that has no bearing as present
day thinking is a phobia difficult to get some banner of unity
to discard ~~of~~ the hysteria crept into politics in spite of a
to discard ~~of~~ the hysteria crept into politics in spite of a

Why is that some men have to set up the case to reject that
success ~~opinion~~ can be attained by ~~such~~ ideas ~~the~~ contrary to the ones
are
Show that men succeed in spite of themselves.

" " how to put parties into practice & (Eisenhower's ~~was~~ adopted by
Democrats as a ~~bright~~ spark to run on.
" " the big ~~the~~ company the home with & to ~~as~~ any opposing to ~~a~~ ~~for~~
from two to a ~~for~~ ~~for~~ ~~for~~ ~~for~~
~~for~~ ~~for~~ ~~for~~ ~~for~~ ~~for~~ ~~for~~
Get the adopt new ideas as (Eisenhower ~~for~~ how to ~~for~~
endorsement by a name again ~~for~~ ~~for~~ ~~for~~ ~~for~~

Why is it that when a store is remodeled the ~~clerk~~ personnel in the take on new life [as well as the new] ~~only~~ and before the store ~~now~~ re-fixing job

without any

new lease on life

Men working in a ~~[illegible]~~ dead dull surrounding have a tendency to absorb some of the depression atmosphere.

No matter how much for management may try to ~~inject~~ ~~[illegible]~~ arrive ~~[illegible]~~ in ~~[illegible]~~ ~~dead~~ ~~store~~ the results remain as dead and dull as the store's atmosphere. But why is it that as soon as the store is ~~[illegible]~~ remodeled — ~~[illegible]~~ the personnel take on a new lease on life?

Least as if they have just ~~[illegible]~~ a injection of adrenalin

Ray Thompson
116 Greenwood Ave.
Wyncote, Penna.

CARTOON ADVERTISING

November 25, 1955

Thanks for the check, Adolph,

and I appreciate the prompt payment. Glad the drawings were what you wanted.

One thing I wanted to tell you had you been in your office Wednesday, was this: In submitting a feature to a syndicate, they expect to see two weeks finished work - in addition to roughs or script of material for another two weeks. Of course this is not an inflexible rule, and I pass it on for what its worth.

The material does not have to be plated - in fact they'd rather it not be, since they would want to incorporate their own syndicate slug in the copy. Photostats reduced to publication size are adequate.

I think you have a good idea here, and will await with interest syndicate reactions.

Ray

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
640 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

OFFICE OF THE EDITOR

June 29, 1953

Mr. Adolph Strauss
Strauss Associates
Finance Building
South Penn Square
Philadelphia 2, Pa.

Dear Mr. Strauss:

Your letter of June 5 addressed to Mr. John W. McPherrin, Publisher, has been referred to me for reply.

Mr. Fox, the cartoonist who drew the cartoon in question, tells me he has been using the title "Why Is It?" for some time and that, until he received a letter from you, he was not aware that the phrase was registered as a trademark. It is needless to say that so far as The American Magazine is concerned we were similarly unaware of your trademark. However, immediately upon the receipt of your letter I issued instructions that the use of the phrase should be discontinued and have so notified Mr. Fox. I trust that this will meet with your approval.

Sincerely yours,

Sumner Blossom

Sumner Blossom

SB:T